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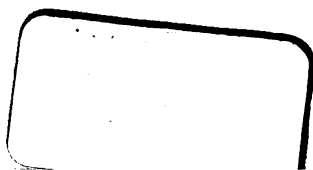
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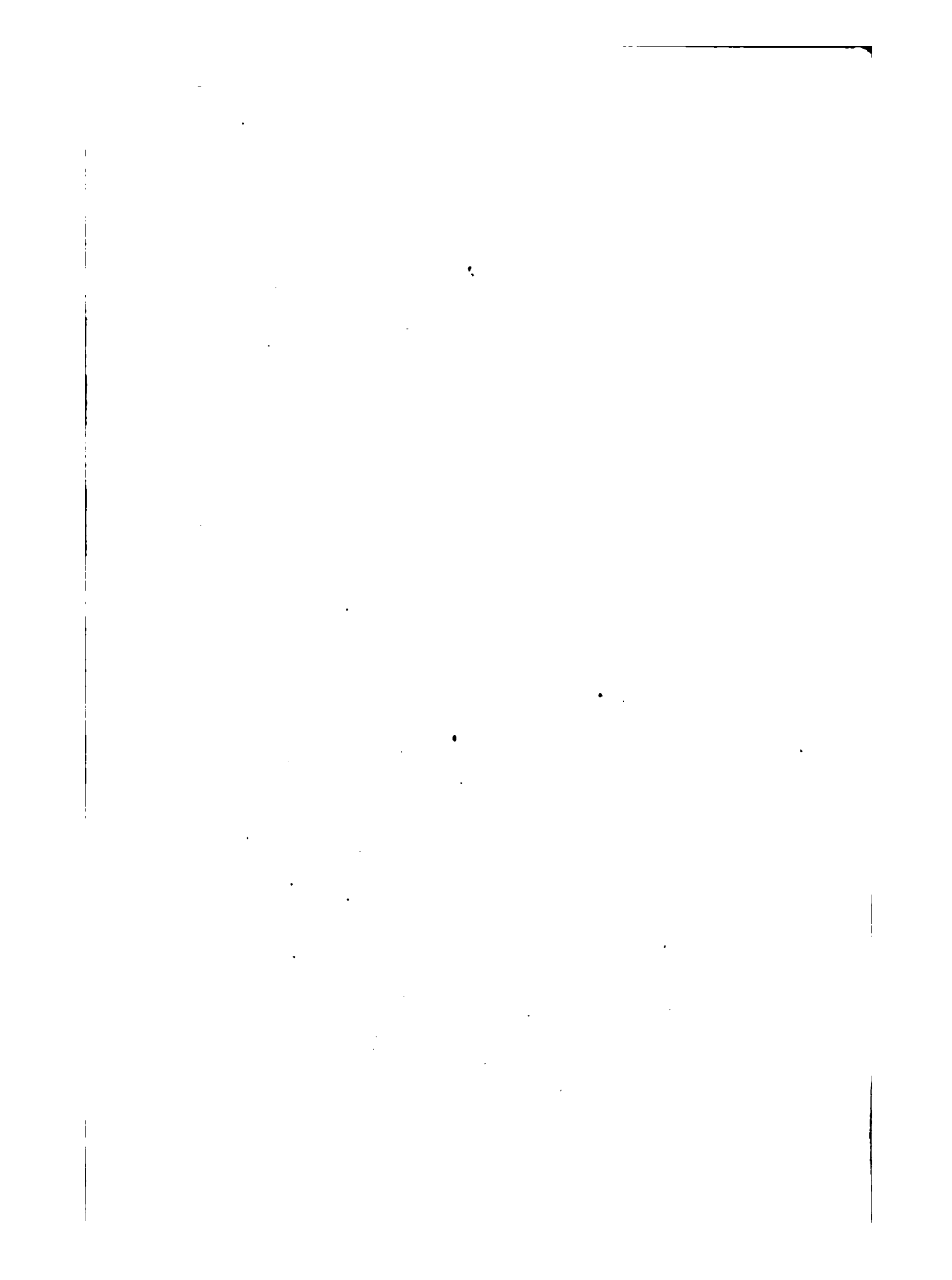


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CORAL REEF. See pg. 103.

AFLOAT ON THE PACIFIC,
OR
NOTES OF
THREE YEARS LIFE AT SEA, 1

COMPRISING SKETCHES OF PEOPLE, PLACES, AND THINGS
ALONG THE PACIFIC COAST AND AMONG THE ISLANDS OF
POLYNESIA, VISITED DURING SEVERAL VOYAGES
OF THE U. S. S. LANCASTER AND SABANAO.

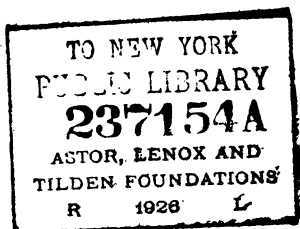
BY W. P. MARSHALL.

"What heed I of the dusty land
And noisy town?
I see the mighty deep expand
From its white line of glimmering sand
To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves shuts down."

J. G. WHITTIER.

ZANESVILLE, O.
SULLIVAN & PARSONS.

1876.



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PREFATORY.

FOR those who delight in tales of the marvelous, the ocean is full of suggestion ; but however entertaining such stories may be for those whose minds require a strictly sensational diet, I have chosen to write for that class who prefer facts to fiction, and a "plain unvarnished tale" to the creations of imagination. The sea may be considered a trite subject by some ; but to the lover of nature its sublimity never becomes commonplace. Its vastness and its vicissitudes, its solitary grandeur and its stern realities of danger, combine to invest it with interest ; and for those who have been long tossed on its waves and spent their years in familiarity with its varying moods, there is an indescribable charm about it and its incidents which will amply apologize for these sketches.

Keeping in view the excellence of truth in narratives of this kind, I have endeavored to present only facts, and make my pictures true to nature.

THE AUTHOR.

Smith Feb 1900



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AFLOAT ON THE PACIFIC.

CHAPTER I.

Voyage to Aspinwall.—First view of the Ocean.—Sea sickness.—Fellow Passengers—Canary Bird Concerts—Landsmen and Sailors—a Preacher, Actor, and the "Dejected Lover"—Among the West Indies.

IN October, 1864, a detachment of officers and men, including the writer, sailed from New York to join the Pacific squadron. We left the wharf at one o'clock P. M., aboard the Pacific Mail Steamship *Costa Rica*, and got fairly to sea before night.

As this was my first voyage, and indeed my first view of the ocean, I felt most vividly those impressions of its grand sublimity which authors have so often in vain attempted to describe. It would be useless to try to convey, by any attempt at exact description, the mingled sentiments and emotions that crowd upon the mind at such a time; and I could not, if I wished, recall all the thoughts that came and went, as our steamer plunged along, farther and farther from the land that gradually faded from view in the

distance and the gathering gloom of night. There are often experiences in our lives, which for their adequate portrayal, demand a more perfect language than any with which, in this life, mortals are endowed; and among those experiences may be counted a sudden introduction to the "vast deep," in its awful and solitary grandeur.

A first voyage, under any circumstances, has in it much that is indescribable. You may read voyages and study the descriptions given by travelers of their sensations and impressions, as much as you will, and after all you will form but an indistinct idea of the reality. There is a strange novelty in the transfer from terra firma to the uncertainty of your footing on the unstable liquid element, that makes you feel as if you had, body and soul, entered upon a new state of existence. You are isolated, not only from friends and familiar places and scenes, but from that life-long unconscious experience of solid land, which has almost become a part of yourself. The ocean reminds you often and forcibly of Eternity. The conditions of existence are different from those on land, the vastness of the wide expanse of waters suggests the infinitude of the future beyond life, and the mind in either case is bewildered by the inconceivable.

I spent the first hours on deck, absorbed in the view. Looking out over the white-capped wavelets gleaming in the moonlight, I tried to take into conception the vastness of my new acquaintance,—the grand old ocean. In my imagination, at times, it seemed endowed with a personality of might and

grandeur, so over-powering in effect, that I easily understood how natural it has been for the unenlightened mind to deify the elements. At times swift fancy carried me away over the wide waters to the strange things—the productions and the people of the countries beyond. In my school-days, yet fresh in memory, geography and books of travel had been a never-failing delight; and now I felt a more absorbing interest in the great highway of waters, that reached to every land, and washed the shores of many nations.

I forgot my supper in the contemplation, and in the enjoyment of new thoughts and feelings might have forgotten my own existence, had I not been reminded of it by an occasional pitch of the vessel which caused an unpleasant sensation. Thus warned to retire, I sought my bunk, and after long lying awake and listening to the measured thump of the engines and the splash of the waves against the sides, I fell asleep.

In the morning the air was chilly and the skies gloomy. The wind blew freshly, and there was enough sea running to induce a pretty general attack of seasickness among the passengers. I, for my part, suffered but little, and only from nausea; enough, however, to make me sympathize with my less fortunate fellow passengers. The pathology of seasickness is not I believe, yet settled beyond dispute among physicians. The feeling seems near akin to the narcotic effects of certain drugs—nicotine more especially. Nearly all are effected by it at first, but by habit generally become

so accustomed to the conditions that produce it, as to suffer little or no inconvenience. The same may be said of the use of tobacco. Might not the strange attachment of old sailors to a life on the ocean, and their restlessness when on shore, be due to physiological effects of the ship's motion, so long continued as to resemble the effects produced by a habitual use of the weed?

We had eight or nine hundred passengers on board, the majority of whom were emigrants to California, and returning Californians. They were a varied and interesting assemblage; and as we gradually got into warmer latitudes, the scene from day to day, became more and more animated, as the crowds recovering from seasickness came on deck. There were groups of families and friends talking of their prospects in the future, or adventures in the past; fathers and sons, matrons and daughters, young mothers and children, foreigners and adventurers, people of varied grades of intelligence and refinement, and some apparently of no grade, all mingling in a chattering confusion of voices and nationalities. There was a New England lady with her three pretty daughters, going to Oregon to join her husband, whom she had not seen for thirteen years; and a number of German families with children, seeking a home in the land of gold. Here and there you might see a young man whose actions and appearance showed that he had left the simple comforts of some rural home to struggle with an unknown world for better fortunes, or in search of adventures.

A little German had several hundred canary birds, which he had brought from Europe, and was taking to California in small cages. Their concerts were delightful in the mornings when the sun shone out, and the wind and spray did not silence their cheery music. The voyage was very severe on them however, and they died off at a rapid rate. The sick and downcast birds looked very melancholy indeed, but the others sang merrily, as if to raise the drooping spirits of their unfortunate companions. Their owner, a canary bird importer, said that a large proportion of them usually died on the long voyage, but the number that survived made the trade profitable. They were the most entertaining company on board, and I was sorry to part company with them at the Isthmus.

Among the men of the detachment many were odd and original characters. During the war a large number of men were shipped for service in the navy, of whom a great many had never been to sea. Such men were rated as "landsmen." After some progress has been made in seamanship, they may be promoted to the rate of "ordinary seamen," which is still below the rate of "seamen," to which they cannot aspire until they are supposed to have learned the duties of a sailor.

Of course the landsman is out of his element, and has a hard time of it. If he makes mistakes, as he will do, he is jeered and jibed, and if he does not readily take to his disagreeable occupation, he is made to feel his degradation, in being two degrees at least,

beneath the sailor whom he perhaps on shore has always been accustomed to regard as a poor unfortunate creature, fit only for the life he leads. Our detachment was composed mostly of landmen.

Among others, there was a rural preacher from one of the western counties of New York. He was a middle-aged man of very moderate attainments, such a man as you might find in any of the sparsely settled districts of the Western States. In his sailor dress and cap, awkwardly worn of course, he presented no very imposing appearance; and, though generally treated with some respect, he was nevertheless the butt of many a rude jest, and often heard very disconcerting allusions made to his former calling and present position. He made several attempts to preach but gave up at last in despair. His homely phrase, and cold, stereotyped manner of delivery were illy suited to this new sphere. Doubtless he was a very good man, but he seemed lost and bewildered by his strange surroundings.

Then there was a stage struck actor, a long, light haired and moustached individual, who never under any circumstances spoke in a natural tone. He delivered his commonest remarks in a tragic key. His bearing was stiff and formal, and he seemed to be laboring under the great responsibility of his high position as an exponent of dramatic dignity and majesty. He had shipped as a landsman.

I must not omit our "dejected lover," or the process by which he came to be such. A young man named George C——, an affected fellow, an aggravated case

of dime-novel sentimentalism, trained to an idle life, and well read in "yellow-covered literature," made himself ridiculous in everything he did. Among other preposterous things, he fell in love with one of the New England girls, and asked her mother for her, in the presence of several other persons. He told her that his happiness depended upon it; that he worshiped the ground she walked on; and finally, he added that his "own mother had always said he would make a good husband, because he was *so* fond of children." Such an argument could but have its weight with his fondly-anticipated mother-in-law, and as he had not yet "told his love" to the girl herself, the amused matron gravely referred him to her. With such apparent encouragement from such a source, he repaired at once to where she was standing, surrounded by several other less enterprising admirers, all unsuspecting the honor intended. He approached with eager haste, and then and there bespoke her hand and heart, adding, in order as he thought, to settle any slight objections that her maidenly modesty might interpose to such a festive proceeding, that "her mother herself had just told him to ask her." Her surprise and indignation can better be imagined than described. "What! Marry such a thing as you!" she exclaimed, and then went below crying over the vexation. Her discomposure was not very lasting however, and she soon recovered gayety and spirits, but it was a long time before C——'s notable qualifications as a husband ceased to be canvassed and discussed by his jeering and relentless comrades. His

younger brother, who had shipped with him, gave it as his opinion that "George was a dog-goned fool, and hadn't the sense he was born with," which sage conclusion placed him higher in the estimation of his sailor friends.

We had several intelligent and educated young men aboard, who were agreeable companions, and helped much to dissipate the tedium of many a leisure hour.

On the sixth day out, we passed Great Inagua, one of the Bahamas, and several smaller islands. At one of these noted for its salt manufacture, we left their mail, without stopping, by throwing it overboard to a boat that came off to get it.

The weather, instead of being cold and disagreeable, as when we left New York, was now fine and pleasant, permitting us to pass much of the time on deck with the awnings spread.

At 2 P. M., we ran close to Cape Maysi, the east end of Cuba, on our way through the Windward Passage. The eastern headlands of Cuba appear bluff and precipitous, but still beautiful in the distance over the smooth and gently swelling sea, as when Columbus on his first voyage sailed by and named this same point of land Alpha and Omega, supposing it the extreme point of Asia. Poor Columbus! How pathetic is his whole history. He died in the firm conviction that this Southern Sea was the Indian Ocean, and that the land he had visited belonged to the Eastern boundary of Asia. It is sad that the old hero when he felt age creeping on him with poverty, afflictions

and disappointments, could not foresee, as our classical Irving says, "the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations, and tongues, and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to reverence and bless his name to the latest posterity."

Hayti, the Hispaniola of Columbus, that beautiful but unhappy island, lay in sight on the left. There in his time the great discoverer met bravely the diversified fortunes that fell to his lot. Now the successful and triumphant explorer, now the sad victim of malice and perfidy, what lights and shadows in strong contrast marked his career, like the fitting clouds and sunshine, very dark or very bright, that scowl or smile over the waters that surround these shores.

The next day we saw Jamaica far to the westward, an eminence rising out of the sea in the dim distance. It sank and faded from view as the steamer held on her steady way over the smooth undulations of the Caribbean. Floating sea weeds, the flying-fish, clouds and their shadows playing over the glassy waters now diversified the scene. Anon came warm showers from heavy dark clouds, which soon passing by, left the sea calm again in the bright sunlight.

CHAPTER II.

Aspinwall—Crossing the Isthmus—Former population—Panama—Embarking in the night.

WE reached Aspinwall at 2 P. M. on the ninth day from New York. While waiting for the transfer of passengers and baggage to the train that was to take us to Panama, I had an opportunity to explore the town.

A long row of houses and shops, disposed along the beach with porticoes facing the harbor, comprise the principal street. As I passed along I noticed intervals, apparently intended for cross streets, which were closed at a short distance by the swamp and jungle. The great feature of the place is the large number of wine shops, and the profuse supply of various kinds of liquors of villainous quality, intended for bibulous passengers arriving in the mail steamers. Its name was given in honor of Wm. H. Aspinwall, one of the pioneers in the great enterprise which connected the two oceans by a railroad.

The people here are mostly blacks, many of them being free negroes from Jamaica, who have a peculiar manner of speaking English. The natives speak the Spanish language, and are a mixed race, being descendants of Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, and other Europeans, and the aboriginal Indians. They engage in fruit selling and trade, when passengers are

here, but after they are gone, and while waiting for the arrival of another steamer, their principal occupation is, I presume, the *dolce far niente* of tropical loafers.

Toward evening the train started for Panama with passengers, mails, and fast freight. The trip across the Isthmus was partly by day and partly by night. The crowded and heavy laden train ran slowly, and gave us a good opportunity to observe the scenery along the route. Our way for several miles lay through the miasma-breeding swamps and marshes, which hem in the town and render it a dank and dreary place in which to live. Aquatic plants, palm, *cedro* and *espabe* trees covered with thick vines and parasitic growths abounded in great profusion; and the air was heavy with the mingled perfume of flowers and the miasma of the morass.

Great indeed must have been the difficulties to be surmounted in the construction of this short railway. The climate, always inimical to the unacclimated under any circumstances, was so deadly to the imported laborers that they died by hundreds; yet finally Yankee energy and enterprise triumphed over the obstacles of nature, and were rewarded with success.

Passing Gatun, we had glimpses of the stealthy Rio Chagres, creeping silently, serpent-like, through vistas of tangled vegetation. It is a small stream, and unworthy to be called a river at this season of the year. That dignity, I suppose was conferred upon it by the lively imagination of some explorer of the Latin race. Had an Anglo-Saxon chanced first

to notice and describe it, we should have heard of a creek, instead of a flowing river.

As we emerged from the swamp lands, the tropical forests, rich with verdure and flowers, became more interesting. We feasted on the scenery with eager eyes. To us it was glorious because it was tropical, and in a land of the palm tree. Impenetrable thickets or jungles hedged the way, and crowded close upon the track. From these masses of foliage arose trees overgrown by climbing and parasitic plants that hung and swayed from the upper branches. The swinging festoons suggested boa-constrictors and anacondas, and the recesses of the jungle seemed redolent of the terrors of fierce reptiles and unknown creeping things. In such haunts as these live the jaguar and the puma. Amid such jungles toiled and trudged Vasco Nunez de Balboa, to discover an ocean, write his name in history, and die a cruel and ignominious death. Here Pizarro marched and suffered, fought and prepared himself by murderous practice for those performances, by which he gained wealth and eternal infamy in Peru. But the days for such deeds are happily passed, and now an invoice of sailors, like ourselves, may be conveyed from ocean to ocean with such speed and comfort as Balboa and Pizarro never dreamed of, to have their names inscribed on no higher roll of fame than the ship's books, or the watch bill.

Though this country is now very sparsely inhabited it was once most populous. The annals of the Spanish conquerers and the early colonists, show this con-

clusively ; and the remains of great empires bear indubitable testimony to the fact that all tropical America was once teeming with myriads of human beings, who, in the unknown past, filled up the measure of their lives with the circumstances of a great civilization. The historian Arthur Helps estimates that 2,000,000 of the natives of this same isthmus perished under the tyrannous rule of one Spanish governor alone ; and in Central America and Yucatan are still to be seen the crumbling ruins of cities, temples and palaces which indicate the former existence of powerful empires whose lost history would be more intensely interesting to us than all records of Greece and Rome.

After passing Bujio Soldado we came to Buena Vistita, a collection of rude palm thatched huts occupied by native laborers. The dark, half Indian women in muslin dresses, and naked children, stared at us as we passed. Crossing the Rio Chagres at Barbacoa by a splendid wrought-iron bridge, over six hundred feet long, we rattled along past Gorgona, San Pablo, Matachin, and other stations, without stopping. Night descended upon us in a fine luxuriant woodland long before we reached the vicinity of Monument Hill, which loomed up abruptly against the night-dimmed sky.

After darkness came on, there was little to be seen. We passed several hamlets of thatched huts, half hidden in the thickets. At these places the open sheds where liquors were dispensed to natives or passengers, were the most conspicuous objects. Their

glaring torches cast a lurid light that made the darkness seem still darker, and revealed in bold relief the barbarous looking black among his bottles, ready and eager, like some genius of the shades, to deal out the deadly potions of the Father of Darkness.

About nine or ten o'clock we ran into the depot adjoining the Pacific Mail S. S. Company's wharf at Panama. To the west, and on our right, the lights of the city showed its position. We were surrounded in the spacious building by a motley crowd of the natives, and a guard of native soldiers who were on duty.

Here we bade adieu to our friends and acquaintances of the voyage, among the passengers. As large vessels have to lie at a considerable distance from shore, on account of shallow water, they were taken on board their vessel by a small steamer kept here for embarking and landing freight and passengers.

Preparations were at once made to take our detachment aboard the steam frigate Lancaster, which, owing to her great size, lay at anchor at a distance of two or three miles from the city. After considerable delay, we were conducted out of the building, and in darkness were embarked on a lighter, in order to be towed along-side. Soon the puffing of an engine ahead and the motion of our craft convinced us that we were really afloat on the waters of the Pacific, which the darkness prevented our seeing. It was so dark, that for any purpose our eyes served us, we might as well have been blindfolded, until we drew near the ship. We were crossing the fabled Styx to

begin a new and unknown life, and our Charon, a modern tug-boat, led the way, torchless and unseen.

As we approached the majestic vessel, her huge proportions loomed up indistinctly in the deep obscurity of the night. The lights shining through her numerous ports now gleamed cheerily over the water; the shrill calls of boatswains' whistles, and their orders passed along the decks in peculiar tones, fell on our ears as we dropped along side; lights came down the gangway, and we hurried aboard with our light baggage, impatient to be on the decks which henceforth for a time we were to consider our home.

CHAPTER III.

New Surroundings—Old Panama and Early Days—Washing Decks—The Crew—Spanish Americans—A Guacho—Rainy Season.

IT was near midnight when we laid down, tired and weary, to sleep about the decks. I slept well considering the novelty and strangeness of everything around, and my eagerness to inspect our new quarters. Early in the morning, at the first break of day, I was up, and being already dressed, went on deck.

The ship was a large screw steamer, ship rigged, carrying a heavy armament, and when fully manned, a crew of four or five hundred men. On the gun deck were twenty-six heavy guns, mostly of eight inches calibre, and on the spar-deck were two eleven-inch pivot guns, of seven and a half tons each. One of these was forward of the foremast, and the other abaft the mizzen.

Day dawned at length, slowly it seemed to me, and revealed historic surroundings, the scenes of famous exploits of the conquerors, of buccaneers and bloody pirates. The city in the distance, the wide bay, Dead-man's Island close by, and a few vessels at anchor, comprised the principal objects.

The theaters where great events have been performed are not always remarkable in themselves, and

this is one which has nothing very beautiful or striking to attract the beholder.

Far to the eastward, along the shore, appeared a ruined tower of some description, marking the site of the remains of the old city of Panama. It has been deserted, ever since the days of the buccaneers, and long given up to the solitude of the jungle, and the society of reptiles,—a fit ending for the seat of so much cruelty, avarice and crime. It was founded in 1515, by Pedrarias Davila, who in this obscure corner of the world destroyed more men than Napoleon in all his wars destroyed of his enemies. Thence Pizarro sailed, carrying death and destruction to millions of unsuspecting victims, who, heathen as they were, had not all the vices of those conquerors who came to them with perfidy and cruelty, carrying the emblems of Christ.

The warm tropical air tempered by night, and the sea, bathed me in delicious languor, and the low sound of distant waves breaking on the rocky island, the gentle, almost imperceptible motion of the ship from the swell, the quiet which reigned aboard, and the many new and strange accessories of my surrounding made that early dawning seem like the breaking of a new state of existence.

My sentimental cogitations were soon dispelled by the shrill boatswains' whistles, calling "up all hands," and the decks put on an appearance of bustle and animation, as the men tumbled up from below, each carrying his hammock "lashed" in regulation style, to be stowed away for the day. This done, pumps

were rigged, buckets, swabs, and mops were brought into requisition, and the decks scrubbed fore and aft, the boats cleaned up, and the brass work in innumerable places and shapes, polished. During this housewife proceeding so unpleasant to the landsman, the old sailors paddled about in the warm sea water which deluged the decks, bare-footed, and with trowsers rolled up. Many of the newly arrived landsmen, unused to this daily scrubbing and polishing, kept their shoes on, and dodged hither and thither to avoid the water. To the great amusement of the old salts, they deprecated so much unnecessary trouble about the "floors" on their account, when they were already so clean. They soon learned to their surprise that this is done every day before breakfast, which is always at eight o'clock.

The crew was composed of men of many different nationalities. There were Irish, English, Scotch, German, Portuguese, South Americans, Mexicans, Sandwich Islanders, Negroes, and others, besides that part of the crew which belonged to the United States. A number of the latter whose time had expired departed in a few days for New York, leaving us to take up the routine of duties, which to them had been long monotonous, with weary waiting for the end. Some had served for years on the station, and for them came now the near prospect of home and friends, and those associations of former years which have for all alike. high or low, rich or poor, such irresistible attractions. Our arrival filled them with such joy that they almost overwhelmed us with kind attentions,

and gave some of us an exalted opinion of the amiability of Jack Tar. Others of the crew had been collected at different points on the coast, from San Francisco to Peru, and consequently the United States was, to them, a foreign, and to the more ignorant, an unknown country. When off duty, the men to some extent, grouped themselves according to their nationalities. At the fore hatch on the upper deck, just forward of the launches which were on board, you could hear nothing but Spanish, and there one might easily imagine himself on board a Spanish ship of war. These men from different parts of Mexico, Central and South America, were called "Dagoes" by the other sailors, and very much despised by them. Their characters were various. There were individuals among them who exhibited in their faces and features all the evil and blood-thirsty dispositions that animated the villains, who under Pizarro, Davila, and their compeers, reveled in rapine and murder. Others had a mild banditti look; and some few, when not engrossed in gambling, were social, polite and agreeable.

To me, these men were an attraction. I knew nothing then of their language, but ardently desired to learn it. I only knew that they were a product of those countries, and that their habits and sentiments would illustrate phases of life and social conditions new and strange to me. Accordingly, I cultivated the acquaintance of the least repulsive among them, and conciliated all.

Among quite a number who had shipped at Aca-

pulco, to escape the conscription, was Ramon Ayala, a slender youth who seemed to have had some education, and claimed to have been a custom-house clerk. He wrote a good hand, and spoke his own language apparently after the manner of the better class, but could not make much progress in English, though he tried with perseverance. He undertook to teach me Spanish in return for instruction in English, and I have no doubt I tortured the pure Castilian as badly as he did Webster's vernacular. Though mutually instructed, our proficiency in the study of languages was in no wise remarkable, unless it was for slowness of progress. He, for his part was cordially opposed to over mental exertion, as well as too much physical exercise. Another from the same place was Manuel Gordo, or fat Manuel, a swarthy descendent of Aztec and Spanish parentage. He was always jolly, while the slender Ramon seemed to be continually in hot water, growling and complaining incessantly. Manuel was noted principally for his fondness for bad whisky and other intoxicating mixtures. Francisco Vega, a native of Sonsonate, in Central America, was a calm, quiet and lazy individual, much addicted to gambling, but not to drink. He was polite and gentlemanly, and ardently attached to his native country. Though large and muscular, he looked the picture of indolence.

There was one peculiar character, whose name I do not remember. He had a large head, square, heavy, massive jaws, and a trunk of such robust frame as to indicate unusual and very great physical power.

His chest was full and very large, but his legs small and insignificant. His face was that of a "Guacho" of the Pampas, which I believe he was. It had the stolid and wild expression peculiar to that class, and was remarkable for the absence of any sign of human sympathy or feeling.

There was, from Peru, a large, tall, fat, swarthy and savage looking wretch. Sprung in all probability from debauchery, nourished in filth, and brought up in unrestrained indulgence in vice, he was yet implacable, revengeful, proud, and easily insulted. He was of Indian descent, with just enough Spanish blood to give him all the vices, with none of the virtues, of that nationality. He afterwards became the victim of a fatal brawl, during our visit to Puget's Sound. There were several others of a similar cast of character, to whom the excitement of murder would have been an agreeable pastime. If individual characters illustrate the conditions of their production, what barbarism must exist in some parts of these revolutionary countries.

The rainy season soon set in and we had tropical showers—rains, in the fullest and freest sense of the word. There seemed to be no cessation, for several days at a time, in the steady torrents. Day after day and week after week, the same thing over, until a peep of sunshine became really a delightful occurrence. On the upper deck the awnings were housed all day long, and but little could be done. Books were scarce, and social amusements flagged. Even the practical jokers neglected their tricks, and growled

and complained ; the actor, who had become master-at-arms, waxed more tragic and savage on the berth deck ; the rural preacher read his Bible and groaned more dolorously ; and the "dejected lover" was plunged into deeper depths of dejection.

It was indeed a wearisome time, but when I thought of our gallant and accomplished Dr. Kane, locked for long dreary months in the cold and cheerless regions of ice, to struggle against the awful severities of the Polar night, I was indeed thankful that a merciful Providence had directed the wanderings of my youth to the clime of peaceful seas, the land of palms and bright plumaged birds, of odorous woods and of brilliant flowers.

CHAPTER IV.

Life on Board—The St. Mary's and Cyane—Look out for Torpedoes—Attempt to Capture a Mail Steamer, by Rebels—A Porthole Landscape.

LIFE on ship board is perhaps a trite subject, yet those whose avocations keep them afar from the ocean are seldom much acquainted with its many phases. On land neighborhoods join and commingle in the infinite ramifications of human intercourse, from sea to sea, but at the shore the changing waters know no locality, and acknowledge no permanent vicinage. Hence it is, that the handful of men confined in close community aboard ship, form a little world of their own, with habits and customs peculiar to their circumstances.

As the weeks passed by, we became more familiar with the routine life we were to lead, and habit, by degrees insensibly divested it of many seeming hardships. The regulations of strict discipline and the enforced uniformity of action are very irksome to the landsman at first, but become so incorporated with the life of the old sailor, as to be almost a necessary part of his existence. Like other animals, man is to a great extent the creature of habits; and when the landsman ventures afloat to pry into the mysteries of Neptune, he meets with circumstances which outrage all his previous experience. He has probably been

accustomed to eat at his convenience; but now the bell calls him to his food with the regularity and precision of clockwork. He has probably often slept away the morning hours. Now in the gray light of dawn the boatswain's mates range themselves around the hatchway with their calls, or whistles. Taking a deep inspiration, one commences the peculiar, quavering call. The others join in and increase the volume of penetrating sound, until the fierce, shrill scream of their united efforts might be heard above the loud din of battle, or roar of tempest. Three times the metallic crescendo tingles the sleeper's drowsy and unwilling ear, and then their hoarse, bass voices mingle in an unintelligible cry which resounds throughout the ship. This being interpreted to the novice, means "Up all hands." The call, so peculiarly harsh and discordant, as to have required successive generations for its elaboration, banishes from every eye, "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." So many minutes are then allowed in which to dress and get on deck with hammock lashed in regulation style, in obedience to the order. An individual who can adapt himself to all circumstances, however, soon gets used to the rules and regulations, and conforms to them, as a matter of course.

The Cyane and St. Mary's lay at anchor near us part of the time we were here. They were both old-fashioned sailing ships of good models and fine sailing qualities. Their appearance at anchor, or under sail, was graceful and swanlike, and recalled the days of Bainbridge and Porter, of "Old Ironsides" and the Essex.

One day I went aboard the Cyane to look around and have a chat with her crew. They seemed well satisfied, with both ship and captain. They related exploits of each, highly romantic. Captain Colvocoresses appeared to be in his proper sphere, in command of such a ship. There is a tradition among old sailors that the Cyane was captured from the French long ago by the English. Half a century ago, Captain Stewart in the "Old Ironsides," took this same Cyane, together with the Levant, then a new ship, from the English. The particulars of that gallant affair are set forth in Cooper's Naval History, together with the doings of many others of our early naval heroes.

While we lay here at anchor, it was whispered that agents of the rebel authorities were in Panama, and meditated trying the effect of a torpedo on our ships. It was supposed that one might be towed out at night and floated against us with the tide. Whether such was the case or not, the Admiral deemed great precaution necessary; and accordingly, spare spars were rigged out on the water, to float and form a torpedo fender, thirty or forty feet from the ship's sides, and forward of the bows.

Whether or not such an enterprise was ever undertaken, I, of course, could not know. But another more daring was, which, if it had been successful, would have been followed by greater results of disaster to our cause, than if torpedoes had sent us to the bottom of Panama Bay. This was an attempt to capture one of the largest and finest of the Pacific

Mail Steamships, on its way from Panama to San Francisco. It was proposed afterward to secure guns from some sailing vessel sent for the purpose, and then commence a career of devastation among the American merchant vessels in the Pacific, similar to that of the Shenandoah among the whaling vessels, not long afterwards. A certain Mr. Hogg, formerly a United States Naval officer, was sent out to operate. He arrived at Panama with a number of others who were to act as his officers aboard the proposed prize, and they proceeded to carry out their design. Passage was engaged for Hogg and his associates, on the steamer selected for capture, which was to leave Panama for San Francisco. It was their intention to embark as citizen passengers, and as soon as they got to sea, to seize the unarmed officers, take charge of the vessel, hoist the confederate flag, enlist part of the passengers and crew, land the rest somewhere, and then with a full supply of coal, stores, and funds, proceed to farther depredations. By some means the Admiral received an intimation of the affair before the sailing of the steamer, and made preparations accordingly. As soon as all the passengers were aboard and everything ready for departure, a force of marines were sent on board the Mail Steamer, and we got up steam and put to sea in company with her. It having been previously ascertained that the conspirators were aboard, their game was ended. At early dawn next morning, being far enough from Venezuelan territory to satisfy the requirements of maritime law, we hove to, and after some search arrested and transferred Hogg and his party, to the Lancaster.

Leaving the mail steamer to proceed on her way, we returned to our anchorage.

Upon opening the baggage belonging to the prisoners, sufficient evidence in the shape of revolvers and other small arms, iron hand-cuffs, confederate flags, and papers, were found to convict them.

This ended a bold undertaking, and no doubt prevented what otherwise would most undoubtedly have been a wholesale destruction of American shipping, in Pacific waters.

The captured party were subsequently condemned, and imprisoned at San Francisco in one of the forts of the harbor.

This scheme being frustrated in this manner, we resumed our former monotonous employment of swinging at anchor back and forth with the tide, off Dead Man's Island, and waiting for something else to turn up. The green hills ashore appeared most inviting as we looked out upon them through the open ports and wondered whether monkeys or macaws were most numerous in their shady recesses. The sleepy old fortress walls before the town, wore an air of mystery about their knowledge of the past since the days of the buccaneers. The Indian "dug-outs" sailed past us to the town, laden with oranges, bananas, pine apples, and other produce of the southward shore. But it was our mission, as sailors, to sleep, eat, muster at quarters, and answer the boatswains' calls; for beyond our routine duties we had no recognized business with thought or intelligence, past, present, or future.

CHAPTER V.

Preparations for Departure—The "Dejected Lover" again—Off to the Southward—Island of Ouito—A retrospect from the Bowsprit at Sea—Aloft—Warm Rains—A Calm near the "Line"—Payta—Incident of Anson's visit—Off again.

ABOUT the middle of December, active preparations were made for a cruise southward to the coast of Peru.

The two large launches which were usually stowed amidships, just forward of the engine-room hatch, had previously been hoisted into the water, and were employed in coaling ship. The coal was brought alongside in sacks, and these were hoisted aboard with whips, rove through blocks at the yard-arms. The watches relieved each other in this duty, some hooking on the sacks in the boats, and others manning the whips on deck.

The dejected lover had a decided aversion to this kind of employment, on account of the dust, and the monotony of pulling on the rope every time the boatswain's mate piped to hoist away. He expressed his disgust by scarcely touching the rope, and by walking when the men ran. Admonitions were of no avail; so in order to interest him in the business, the officer in charge had him tied to the rope. He was thus

compelled to keep pace with the rest, or be dragged. The sailors, who always despise a loafer, enjoyed the arrangement very much, for they would sometimes run well aft, hoisting the sacks as high as possible, and then let go "by the run." By this means the unfortunate lover was compelled, not only to keep up with the men, but besides, to run his best when the whip went back, to keep from being dragged headlong. Even this severe discipline did not cure him of his lazy indolence.

Having coaled, hoisted the launches aboard, and completed all our preparations, we put to sea under steam, on the 17th.

We passed several islands in the Bay of Panama, and in sight of different points of the mainland. Off the shore to our right lay the island of Quibo, where Lord Anson, on his voyage into these seas, wooded and watered his squadron. Relating this, the historian of that expedition gives us the following interesting description :

"Whilst the ship continued here at anchor, the commodore, attended by some of his officers, went in a boat to examine a bay which lay to the northward ; and they afterwards ranged all along the eastern side of the island. And in the places where they put on shore, in the course of this expedition, they generally found the soil to be extremely rich, and met with great plenty of excellent water. In particular, near the N. E. point of the island, they discovered a natural cascade, which surpassed, as they conceived, everything of this kind which human art or industry

hath hitherto produced. It was a river of transparent water, about forty yards wide, which rolled down a declivity of near a hundred and fifty feet in length. The channel it fell into was very irregular; for it was entirely composed of rock, both its sides and bottom being made up of large detached blocks; and by these the course of the water was frequently interrupted: for in some parts it ran sloping with a rapid but uniform motion, while in others it tumbled over the ledges of the rocks with a particular descent. All the neighborhood of this stream was a fine wood; and even the huge masses of rock, which overhung the water, and which, by their various projections, formed the inequalities of the channel, were covered with lofty forest trees. Whilst the commodore, with those accompanying him were attentively reviewing this place, and were remarking the different blendings of the water, the rocks, and the wood, there came in sight (as it were still to heighten and animate the prospect,) a prodigious flight of macaws, which hovering over this spot, and often wheeling and playing on the wing about it, afforded a most brilliant appearance, by the glittering of the sun on their variegated plumage: so that some of the spectators cannot refrain from a kind of transport, when they recount the complicated beauties which occurred in this extraordinary waterfall."

Under the pressure of steam and sails we soon left Panama Bay in the distance. The days were fine, and the nights beautiful. We had gentle breezes, and all sail being made, our ship moved over the

calm, blue waters, with majestic bearing, her great extent of canvas, like a cloud, obscuring by day a brilliant sky, and by night, the glories of the star-lit heavens.

To get the best view of the ship that carries you, when she is under sail at sea, you must take a position out on the bowsprit. Thither I was wont to betake myself of evenings, creeping with care, lest incautious steps might lead me to become food for the denizens of the deep below; and, having reached a secure place far out between the forestays, it was delightful to look back, from that airy perch, upon the huge vessel, with her gracefully outlined hull and towering masts in perspective. To an imaginative person, in the twilight, she would seem like a great winged creature, hovering over "the vasty deep." Sometimes I went aloft in the fore top mast rigging, where the gentle, swaying motion of the mast, from side to side with the roll of the ship, gave me, after the first sense of insecurity passed away, a singular, though not unpleasant sensation.

With the exception of one or two heavy rains at night, we experienced no unpleasant weather during the voyage; and even the rains could hardly be called disagreeable, for they were not cold. The men on duty walked back and forth barefooted in the water that washed from side to side, before it ran off through the scuppers into the sea. We were in a latitude which the power and influence of the frost king seldom reaches.

We approached and crossed the equator in a dead

calm. The day was bright with tropical sunshine, and the ocean smooth as a mirror.

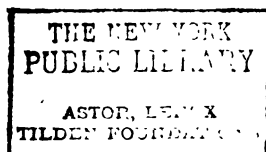
"The blue sky
Leaned silently above; and all its high
And azure circled roof beneath the wave
Was imaged back and seemed the deep to pave
With its transparent beauty."

These calms are common in these parts, and I should think, that with all their attractions, they would sorely try the patience of voyagers in a sailing vessel. But on board a steamship it is otherwise.

It seems that even the restless ocean is not proof against tropical influences; for he sleeps in these sunny regions for weeks at a time. The ocean in repose is grand. I have often seen the water so glassy smooth and still, and reflecting in the silver sunlight so perfectly the unclouded brightness of the sky, that the reality above and the reflection beneath seemed blended in the same unfathomable depths of æthereal space, extending in every direction around, above and below. Under such conditions the effect is wonderful. The invisible sea has vanished from under you. You feel the isolation of interplanetary and endless space; for your vessel, as it idly floats, seems the only object in the glowing immensity. I believe such calms are only seen in the tropics, and perhaps most frequently upon the Pacific.

On Christmas day we ran into the fine harbor of Payta, a small town not far from Cape Blanco.

This dreary looking little place, surrounded by barrenness and desolation, far less inviting than the



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MID-OCEAN SCENE.

wastes of the ocean, is the port of entry for the large and fertile province of Piura, the capital of which, of the same name, is a flourishing city, forty-five miles inland. Just back of the collection of thatched roof houses composing the town, there is a low range of naked sand hills which add to the bleak and desolate appearance of the place. Payta depends upon the distant parts of the province for all the necessities of life; and even the drinking water has to be brought from a river twelve miles away, that being the nearest source of supply. The water is brought by mules every morning, and the yearly supply of a large family must be a very expensive item in the household economy. Sometimes there is no rain here for ten years, but usually they have it every three or four years. I presume a sprinkle once a year would be considered a very wet time.

Payta is noted in history as the scene of one of Lord Anson's exploits, all of which is most minutely described in the history of his expedition. This old book describes the robbing and burning of the town as a most commendable and heroic act. Every vessel in the harbor was either captured or burnt, and the treasure here, amounting to an immense sum, fell into the hands of the English.

Speaking of one of the pilots forced into service as a guide in their attack, the writer says:

"On this occasion, I cannot but remark a singular circumstance of one of the pilots employed by us in this business. It seems (as we afterwards learned) he had been taken by Captain Clipperton above twenty years

before, and had been obliged to lead Clipperton and his people to the surprise of Truxillo, a town within land, to the southward of Payta, where, however, he contrived to alarm his countrymen, and to save them, though the place was carried and pillaged. Now, that the only two attempts on shore, which were made at so long an interval from each other, should be guided by the same person, and he too a prisoner both times, and forced upon the employ contrary to his inclination, is an incident so very extraordinary, that I could not help mentioning it."

Peru at the time of Anson's visit was a province of Spain, and every Spaniard, with all his worldly goods, was considered lawful prize by the English; provided only that they could make the capture. Payta has been repeatedly sacked and destroyed since the days of Pizarro, but still there is something left of it, though not enough now perhaps to tempt adventurers to its capture.

We only stopped long enough to take on board some fresh provisions, and then put to sea again, keeping near the coast.

CHAPTER VI.

The Andes—Arrive at Callao—The Bay—Peruvian, English and French Ships of War—A visit from the Peruvian Admiral—Visit from the President of Peru—Arrival of the Spanish Fleet—Visit from Spanish Admiral—A Sprig of Royalty—Fruits, &c.,—Climate—Idling—Natives of Peru—Midnight Welcome to the New Year—Anchored over a City—Diving in an Iron Boat—A Peruvian Sorenade—The Sandwich Island Minister—The old Fredonia and her Fate.

AS we stood on our way southward to Callao, we were a good part of the time in sight of “those vast hills called the Andes.” In the mornings their snowy crests delayed our sunrise, and in the evenings, when the sun had disappeared from us in the western waters, they, in his full light, still mingled gold and crimson in endless and most magnificent combinations.

The second day after leaving Payta we arrived at Callao, after dark. The picture that presented itself, as we dropped anchor, was one of glimmering lights in the darkness, reflected in the still water. In the distant background were luminous clouds overhanging Lima; for the glare of the city light lit up the heavens, though they were hidden from our view by intervening objects.

The next morning revealed a great number of vessels, of every description, at anchor all around us, the extensive fortifications of Callao, and the barren, rugged, San Lorenzo looming up out of the ocean behind us. Close in shore lay the Peruvian fleet, anx-

iously expecting the arrival of the Spanish fleet from Chili. The frigate *Amazon*, flagship of the Peruvian Admiral, lay farthest out and nearest to us. Safe inshore we could see the famous ironclad built here: it was noted for going straight to the bottom as soon as it got into the water, thus affording its wise builders the pleasure and profit of raising and remodeling it. Near us lay the *Leander*, flagship of the English Admiral, with others of his fleet; and also the "*Victoire*" French frigate, like all the rest, bristling with guns and decked with pennants and flag. Besides these, scores of sedate and unpretending merchant vessels, bearing the produce and flags of various nations, were scattered here and there all over this wide bay. They were continually coming and going, at all hours, notwithstanding the buzz of preparation for war. While some spread their white wings for distant regions, others, continually arriving, dropped anchor in their places, and thus kept populous this ocean hive.

Everybody was hourly expecting the arrival of the Spanish fleet; and often our eyes were turned seaward to search the horizon for the smoke and sails of the coming frigates. A grand naval battle, and nothing less, was counted on, seeing the warlike bearing of the Peruvians, and hearing their views of things in general, and themselves in particular.

In a few days the Peruvian Admiral came on board from his flagship, the *Amazon* frigate, and was received with the usual salute and ceremonies. He was an old, bald-headed man, fat and coarse fea-

tured, with a downcast look and most unprepossessing expression of countenance. He was accompanied by a number of his officers. Poor old fellow! Though now gold-laced and epauletted, received with "pomp and circumstance," and doubtless envied his rank and power, yet, a few months after, in the next revolution, he was hung at his own yard-arm and by his own crew.

During our visit General Perez was President, and his deposed enemy, General Castillo, a fugitive. One day he came down from Lima with a numerous suite of officers to pay us a visit. This honor called for all the agony of naval and military etiquette. The President's barge was large and handsome. As he stepped on deck our eight inch guns thundered forth a national salute and the yards were manned. Perez was a tall, fine looking man, with a good head, as the phrenologists say, and an intellectual cast of countenance. His presence was dignified, commanding and noble. The officers of his staff were, many of them, foppish young men, and dressed "within an inch of their lives," in gaudy uniforms. It was almost distressing to see how they tortured their waists and feet, to make them conform to their ideas of elegance and fashion.

After an interview with the Admiral, in the cabin, the President inspected the vessel, the guns and the engine. He admired most the eleven inch fore and aft pivot guns. This ceremony over, he took his departure.

The English Admiral, as well as the others, ex-

changed visits and courtesies with our Admiral, and the inferior officers frequently did the same.

I was on duty, on deck, in the first watch of the last night of the year, and as midnight drew on, all the bells of the Callao churches tolled solemnly for the dying year. The night was still, and the heavy mist dimmed the city lights, and modified the mournful sounds to muffled moans, that told their sad tale to the mountains and the sea. All at once, exactly at twelve o'clock, the bells rang out merrily from the many churches in most clamorous peals of joyous welcome to the New Year. The cheerful ringing bell tones of "brazen melody," that burst forth so suddenly after the solemn stillness of the dark hours, broken only at intervals by the heavy sounds which came sadly over the mist-covered and night-clouded waters, produced an impressive effect not easily described.

The engrossing topic, just at this time, was the "unpleasantness" with Spain. Chili and Peru were partially blockaded by the Spanish fleet, but the enterprising young republics managed so well as to get some of her most Catholic Majesty's ships into several bad predicaments.

When we arrived, the Spanish squadron was daily expected from the southward; and before many days elapsed the looked for visitors came. One by one they appeared, with sail and steam, coming around the north end of San Lorenzo. Trim built and tall, the stately frigates approaching in order, presented, to us a fine spectacle, and a threatening aspect to

the more interested Peruvians. The *Bella Madrid*, flagship, anchored close to our position, and the others at proper distances from each other. Still nearer than the *Bella Madrid*, the fast gunboat, *Covadonga*, dropped her anchor. This little vessel was a pet of the Spaniards; and when it was captured by the Chilians some time after, the Admiral took it so much to heart that he committed suicide in his cabin. Doubtless his lack of success in his expedition, all along, contributed to the same result.

We were anchored between the hostile fleets, and we kept our position. The expected bombardment did not take place during our stay, on account of some negotiations that were entered into with the government.

The Spanish Admiral came aboard us, and was received with the usual salute and other honors. A mild, pleasant, and gray haired old gentleman, of medium size—a striking contrast to the Peruvian Admiral in every way—he impressed one most favorably. He went through the usual routine of ceremonies, and inspected the guns and machinery.

The officers who accompanied him were apparently gentlemen of education and refinement. One of them, a slender, sallow fellow, was said to be a near relative of Queen Isabella. He had a downcast and dejected look. Such a doleful expression, as he wore, would have been more becoming if all his relations had been dead, which is probably not the case, as royal personages are still numerous in Spain. He was also very absent-minded. He stood aft, on the

quarter deck, in conversation with an officer, when the admiral came up from the cabin to go in his boat; and he remained standing there until the Admiral reached the gangway, when, according to naval etiquette, he should have been in the boat. The Admiral halted a moment, to give him a chance to gain his proper place, and by making a run for it he succeeded.

Although we arrived at Callao in the latter part of December, we found fruits and vegetables of every kind cheap and abundant, this being the summer of the Southern hemisphere. Grapes especially, fresh and of excellent quality, were in season. We indulged freely in the fruits that abounded so plentifully, and varied our fare with vegetables fresh from the gardens or fields.

The weather was warm and pleasant, though the mornings were foggy. They say it has never been known to rain at Callao; and even if this were strictly true, it is not necessary; for every morning the falling mist or dew was so heavy as to completely wet the clothing of any one exposed for a short time during the latter part of night, or early morning hours. From this vicinity southward the climate is very fine. More than a century ago, Richard Walter, speaking of a cruise off the southern coast, declared, "that in this climate every circumstance concurred that could make the open air and the daylight desirable. For, in other countries, the scorching heat of the sun in summer renders the greater part of the day unfit, either for labor or amusement, and

the frequent rains are not less troublesome in the more temperate parts of the year. But in this happy climate the sun rarely appears ; not that the heavens have a dark and gloomy look, for there is constantly a cheerful, gray sky, just sufficient to screen the sun, and mitigate the violence of its perpendicular rays, without obscuring the air, or tinging the daylight with an unpleasant or melancholy hue."

Our duties were light, and many a leisure hour was passed by the crew in idle amusement. Old sailors criticised the rigging of the various ships, and speculated upon their cargoes and destination ; young ones canvassed and discussed the probabilities of a bombardment, or listened to the chattering natives along side, who tortured the pure Castilian with various degrees of recklessness. Sometimes a swinging boom was lowered, and those who could swim tumbled about in the water, as regardless of the many fathoms beneath them, as so many mermen might be.

The population of Peru is composed of different races and mixed breeds. The whites, or descendants of the Spaniards, are still the aristocratic class, though few in number and mostly collected in the cities. There are some negroes and a considerable number of Chinese, many of whom are said to be involuntary emigrants. The remnant of the ancient population, the descendants of the subjects of the Incas, still stamp their characteristics on Peruvian society among the lower classes, and even many among the rich and powerful bear traces of the features of the children of the Sun. It is said that in

some of the provinces they have preserved their ancient Quichua language, and that east of the Andes there exist independent and warlike tribes, still subject to *caciques*, or chiefs, who claim descent from the Incas, or ancient kings of the land.

The mixed breed, descended from the indigenous Peruvians, are called *cholos*. Among these we often saw individuals whose faces bore the lineaments of the features of that race which ruled before Pizarro landed; and I have often mused over a dusky specimen who came along side and wished that it might be permitted me to read the book of his genealogy from the days of the good Manco Capac down, through all the years of the Incas, through all the dark days of Pizarro's rule, and of the viceroyalty, and through the changed times of the republic. Perhaps some ancestor of my idle fruit seller, with mild and gentle features like his, may have been the prime minister, or a high dignitary, under a peaceful sovereign, in an age before the coming of the conquerors. Perhaps some one of them may have been one of the messengers sent by the imprisoned Atahualpa, to collect the treasures of Peru to give for his life; mayhap a priest, or a keeper of the great silver image of the sun, or of the golden treasures of the temple of Cuzco. Yes, perhaps, but more probably the lazy fellow in whose descent so much lost and forgotten history might be condensed, could not take the first, or second step, backward, in a genealogical line, without becoming involved in doubt and uncertainty.

The days slipped by quite pleasantly, considering the disagreeable situation of being in sight of such historic places as Lima and Callao, without being able to visit and explore them thoroughly. Seldom did the routine duties which demanded by presence on board seem more distasteful. I regretted that I could not see more of this interesting country, that I had not the privilege of seeking for the traces of the fabulous age of Peruvian history, or mementoes of its near antiquity.

We were anchored in deep water, and our anchor lay on ground which was said to have been once occupied by a city before one of their tremendous earthquakes buried it deep in the waters. Nature has here, in the past, suffered great convulsions, and the subterraneous powers have at times, held high carnival amid the foundations of the land and the sea. We are told that the lofty, rugged, and rocky island of San Lorenzo was, in one day, raised from the depths of the ocean to its present position.

Some time before our visit, an adventurous genius had taken a fancy to go down and explore the buried city. He invented a large air-tight, iron diving boat of great size and weight, and when all was ready, had it towed out to this place. Here he arranged the apparatus, and with his son and five or six friends, got into it to go to the bottom. It went down beautifully, but when, after staying some time, they tried to come up, they found that it would not work in that direction. As they could do nothing with their unwieldy machine, they were compelled to remain there, shut up as helpless prisoners. Divers were sent

down, but were unable to effect their release, or to afford them the slightest assistance, and could only give them a sad satisfaction by receiving their last messages to their friends. There, according to the veracious chronicler of this melancholy affair, they all perished; and, within that iron boat for a common coffin, they yet repose in their wide grave, the Bay of Callao, awaiting their chances between some future earthquake and the angel Gabriel.

A pleasant incident of our story was a serenade by the Peruvian flagship's band. Their performance was good, and the stillness of the night enhanced the fine effect of their music. After rowing around us at a distance in the darkness, they ceased. We cheered them, and with "Vivos los Americanos," they departed as they came.

A few days after, the Sandwich Island minister came on board, and interviewed the Admiral. He was an American or an Englishman, and not a native Kanaka as I had expected.

The old Fredonia storeship lay here, dismantled and housed over. Doubtless she had met many a storm and gale in many a sea; but now she rested from her labors in the unassuming capacity of a storeship for the squadron. Since our visit, her career has closed forever, in one of the grandest earthquakes that has ever happened in this region of earthquakes, since the first days of its authentic history. In the same great convulsion of nature, the man-of-war Wateree was carried a considerable distance inland by the great tidal wave which swept everything before it to destruction.

CHAPTER VII.

Off for Panamá—Burial at Sea—Panama—Visit Dead Man's Island—"Dad"
—Old Walls—Climbing the Rocks—Iguanas—View from the top—
Lonely Graves—"Toboga Bill" and the Sharks—A Specimen Revolution—Off for Acapulco.

IN March, after more than two months stay, we got up anchor to return to Panama. Our trip down, on account of adverse currents, and detention at Payta, occupied ten days, but our return was accomplished in nine. The weather was somewhat boisterous, and the wind unfavorable for part of the distance, but in this latitude bad weather does not last long, and all was soon serene again.

The only occurrence of note was the burial at sea of a Sandwich Islander, who died a few days after leaving Callao. He had been ailing for some time, and his death was not unexpected.

It is customary during a burial at sea, for the vessel to lay to. The body having been brought to the lee gangway, and the crew collected by the boatswain's mates, the chaplain proceeded to read the burial service.

This was the first time I had ever been present on such an occasion, and the unfamiliar ceremony made a deep and lasting impression on my mind. The crew were assembled with uncovered heads, and the mournful silence was unbroken, save by the souging

of the blue deep, so soon to receive the cold clay of another mortal, and the clear, soft voice of the chaplain, as he intoned the solemn and beautiful service for the dead. At the words "we commit his body to the deep," the body was slid from the board on which it lay, feet foremost into the water. As usual it was sewed up in strong canvass, with heavy, iron shot at the feet, so that the plunge and disappearance were almost instantaneous. To me it seemed horrible,—this sudden sinking into the fathomless, trackless ocean,—and after the ship resumed her course, I could not help gazing long astern, at the place, to mark, if possible, the spot where the body of a human being had disappeared forever.

Arriving at Panama on the 16th, we resumed our former anchorage, and continued our former routine of duties. There was a "revolution" brewing on shore among the native officials and would-be-officials. Events here were however on a much smaller scale than at Callao.

Formerly the time was, when Panama was the metropolis of the Caucasian race on the shores of the Pacific. Thence went forth the adventurous bands which penetrated to the unknown shores of Peru and Chili southward, and to the tribes and nations along the Mexican coasts northwestward. Now it is an insignificant way-station on the journey to the populous and powerful nations, once its outposts. Such are the changes wrought by time.

An incident of our stay was an excursion to Dead Man's Island, a steep, rocky eminence, rising several

hundred feet out of the water, and almost perpendicular on the side facing the ocean. Thirty or forty of us pulled in two of the cutters, to a cove on the land side. As we neared the beach, several of the sailors, and a messenger boy, nicknamed "Dad," jumped overboard to swim ashore. At the same moment, one of the men in the boat observed the knife-like fin of a shark, cutting through the water with great velocity, directly toward the diminutive boy, who was eagerly enjoying the sport. Instantly he gave the alarm, and all commenced yelling and splashing the water, while the boy, with great coolness and presence of mind, turned round to face the danger. The shark came close up to him, when we perceived that a fish flying for its life through the transparent water was the object of his sharkship's immediate attention. It took refuge among the bathers, and the shark, frightened by the noise, wheeled suddenly by the right flank and disappeared in deep water.

Dad was a character, our "little old man of the sea." Although the shark came so suddenly, and so close that we could have reached him with an oar, Dad never lost his cool presence of mind. He was as nonchalant and fearless in danger, as an old hero. Though not larger than a boy of seven or eight years, he was nearly twice that age. His face had the expression of an old salt, and a large quid of tobacco, constantly bulging out his cheek, kept up the comical similarity of appearance which had suggested to the sailors his nickname. He was a good swim-

mer and active as a cat. When sent aloft to clear the pennant, or signal halliards, he would do it quickly, and then slide down the top gallant back stay with a velocity astonishing to even the most experienced sailors. I have seen him, at sea, go upon the main yard arm, and lie down beyond the lifts and braces on the bare end of the yard, and wait until a bobo, not perceiving his diminutive form, would alight upon him, as they often did on the yards. Dad would seize the legs of the huge sea bird, and descend in triumph to the decks with his captive, almost as large as himself.

After the intruder had left us, we went ashore, satisfied that not even the shallow water on the beach was safe from sharks.

On the side on which we landed there were several rods of comparatively level ground between the water and the steep ascent. Here were a number of beautiful cocoa-palms, several graves of unfortunate "strangers in a strange land," and the remains of old fortifications, built perhaps in the days when the buccaneers infested the Spanish main. The old walls, moss-covered and gray with age, were full of suggestions of the past, but I had no means of finding out their history, and I reluctantly left them to make the ascent with my companions.

The side of the hill was steep, rocky, and in places overgrown with brushwood. In the scramble to be first at the top, and when about half-way up, I came suddenly upon what I at first thought a young alligator, or a monstrous lizard. It glided away from

my feet, leaving me startled and surprised at such an unexpected object. I shortly after learned that this was an iguana, a harmless kind of lizard, which is highly esteemed by some natives and sailors, and eaten by them whenever they are so fortunate as to secure this saurian game. One of the sailors caught one, nearly three feet long, and took it aboard alive for his dinner the next day.

The view from the top of the rock was fine, and amply repaid the exertion of climbing up. The south side, exposed to the sea, is so steep that it seems as if a step only was required to plunge the adventurer from the summit to the rocks and breakers at the bottom.

Among the graves at the foot of the hill was one of an American officer, with a headstone which had but recently been put up. After the name and dates, was inscribed the line from Horace, importing, that "it is sweet and proper to die for one's country." Taking into consideration the prevalence of lizards and other creeping things, the solitude of the surroundings, and the encroaching jungle, we concluded that, notwithstanding the old Roman poet's opinion, it was sweeter to *live* for one's country.

There are no houses or human inhabitants on this island. There are said to be goats, but we did not see any. The isolated graves among the bushes, the walls moldy and old on the beach, the solitary cocoa palms, cut off from the main land, and the roar of the breakers on the seaworn side, are the principal features of this sea-girt solitude with the sombre name.

We returned aboard at dusk, tired and hungry. As we pulled to the ship, quite a number of sharks, mostly small ones, were cutting the water hither and thither, with their back fins just above the surface. While trailing my hand carelessly in the water one of them made for it, but I disappointed him and did not repeat such carelessness.

Panama Bay is a favorite resort for sharks. The largest I ever saw were here, and the uncouth monsters, of great size, were very numerous. They frequented the bows of the ship, where the cooks threw overboard meat bones, and refuse fragments of food; and numbers might be seen, after meal times, voracious and insatiable, fighting for, and devouring the pieces that fell among them.

One of the most noted celebrities of the Pacific coast is an immense monster of the species, known by every sailor on these seas as "Toboga Bill." They tell anecdotes of his huge size and invulnerability, and believe that he has digested more sailors than all the cannibals of the Feejees. I was at first inclined to believe that he was only a creation of the imagination; but some of the gentlemen belonging to the Hassler Scientific Expedition, have since had an opportunity of seeing him under favorable circumstances, and bear witness to his immense size and proportions. According to their account, three or four men would make him but a meager repast. At night, as he flashes through the phosphorescent water in the darkness, he is often mistaken for an approaching or passing boat. One night on watch I hailed what

I supposed to be a boat coming along side, but on a nearer approach I could hear no sound of oars nor get any answer. I was familiar with the luminous appearance of the water when disturbed at night, and could generally judge from the extent of the phosphorescent trail, whether it was caused by boat, shark, or small fish ; but the large trail of light disappeared suddenly, close by, and a sailor told me it was only Toboga Bill. He lives principally here and over at Toboga, an island three or four leagues off, held by the British government. He makes frequent visits to the neighboring coasts and islands, perhaps to collect his revenues as monarch of all the sharks. His majesty's age is not set down, that being a matter difficult to investigate, as those who have had the fortune to examine his teeth, always thereafter remain silent on the subject.

The disturbances among the politicians in Panama, which were brewing when we came, finally culminated in a "revolution," as it is called here, but more properly a row among the people. These revolutions are chronic affairs in these parts. Instead of marking an epoch in their history, they are almost of yearly occurrence. Some *jefe politico* gets control of a battalion of soldiers and some public money, and forthwith there are proclamations, little battles and sieges, followed by all the disorders of war on a small scale, and ending in courts-martial, military executions, and more proclamations. Then affairs subside into a precarious quiet, to await the next *emeute*, which may be expected to occur before many months have passed.

Such a one was that which broke out in April. On the 6th I went ashore with a party to protect the American consulate. The buildings under our flag were pretty well crowded with the families of some of the principal inhabitants, placed here for security. The streets were barricaded in places, and what little fighting there was, occurred in the streets and suburbs. Both parties talked pompously of liberty, and such things, but took good care to keep as much as possible out of range of each others guns. Stray bullets were flying about, rendering it unsafe to promenade the streets. Our duty was to stand by the consul, and see that while the bellicose natives were big with their own dignity, they did not forget the dignity of Uncle Sam, or the respect due him. The pretty *senoritas* at the consulate seemed well satisfied to be safe under the stars and stripes, while their relatives, with blunderbusses, argued the momentous question as to who should hold the reins of unstable power in this out of the way part of the world.

The fighting, however, was not very sanguinary. Two or three of us reconnoitered cautiously, but found the streets deserted and the houses shut up. Out near the old walls the troops were stationed, to defend a road giving the best chance of assault. The city walls are, in places, broken down to make roads, but the portions remaining, with the deep ditch, or moat, outside, make this a place easy to hold and defend. The walls were well built when first constructed, and surmounted with towers, or sen-

try stations, at intervals. The black cormorants, or buzzards, that are very numerous here, usually stand guard upon them now.

The night came on but was comparatively quiet. We slept on our arms, expecting at any time to see the fray begin, as was anticipated in case of assault and capture; but nothing of the kind occurred. The sentinels passed their calls every half hour, and doubtless kept a vigilant lookout, in order to get a good start, and lose no time on the run, if the enemy appeared.

The next day we were ordered aboard, as the Admiral was on the point of leaving. We turned over our duty of watching the mimic war, to a party from another ship in the harbor; and going on board put to sea immediately. After doubling the headlands of the bay we shaped our course up the coast.

CHAPTER VIII.

Flying fish, Whales, Turtles, &c.—Bobos—Sea Gulls—Arrival at Acapulco—Town and Harbor—Commerce—Transferred—New Quarters—Visit ashore—Mexican Soldiers—Houses—Churches—Shops—Streets—Water Carriers—A contrast—News of the Death of Lincoln.

DURING the voyage of nine days to Acapulco, nothing occurred worthy of especial note. We had fine weather, a quiet sea, and all the conditions of a pleasant trip. The sea gulls, bobos, porpoises and flying fish, with other denizens of the deep, lent variety to the voyage. Whales were frequently seen at a distance, but as we were not blubber hunters, we did not call on them. Several times we woke up immense turtles that were sleeping comfortably on the water in our track, oblivious to all things around and beneath them.

The bobos were amusing. They would often alight upon the yards, most frequently about dusk, and were easily caught. They do not fly away when approached, but stand staring at you with a silly expression of apprehension that is most ludicrous. They evidently fear, but do not seem to have the instinct of self preservation greatly developed. The boys climbed after them in the rigging, and Dad, whom I have mentioned before, was very expert in catching them. When brought on deck the bobo looked and acted silly enough to deserve his Spanish name, (i. e.

bobo, fool.) Not being able to rise in the air from a hard flat surface like the deck, and unused to the situation, it would throw itself forward on its breast, in vain and awkward efforts to swim and escape.

I was surprised at the powers of flight possessed by the sea gulls. They never seemed to weary or need rest; and seldom were they seen in the water. On such restless wings, with such exuberant powers, it would seem a small matter to explore every nook and corner of the globe, from pole to pole, wherever the waters reach.

We reached Acapulco on the 16th, and ran into one of the finest harbors in the world. Our gun-fire was answered by one or two other ships of war at anchor, and a salute to the Castillo de Santiago was returned. This old fort is one of the first objects that attract attention on entering the harbor. It is built on an eminence projecting into the bay, and the high walls are surrounded by a deep ditch. It reminds one very much of a castle of the Middle Ages, and indeed it is quite old. Next appear the white-washed adobe houses, glaring in the sunlight to the left of the fort. Beyond, green hills, rising into mountains in the interior, with groves of cocoa trees to the right of the fort, complete the picture.

The harbor of Acapulco is land locked, and the ocean being entirely shut out from view at the anchorage, it has the appearance of a quiet and beautiful lake, sleeping in seclusion among rocky hills and wooded mountains, safe from every storm and gale.

Though blessed with so good a harbor, Acapulco

has very little commerce or trade at the best. Formerly, in her palmy days, the Manilla treasure ships arrived and departed annually, and fabulous wealth of gold, silver and useful commodities, passed through this port, to and from the Phillipines; but hostile powers, and the changes wrought by time in the affairs of nations, put an end to the traffic. At present, instead of being the depot of a rich commerce, the port is used as a coaling station by the steamships which carry past it the golden freight of a region, as little regarded formerly, as Acapulco is now.

A few days after our arrival, a number of us were transferred from the flagship to the Saranac. I made the change without regret, for six months aboard the flagship was long and monotonous enough. I wanted to stay longer on the Mexican coast, partly to learn the language, and partly, because I preferred a foreign station to going at once to San Francisco, which I would visit anyway, sooner or later. Though our new home was a smaller ship, almost by half, I found the service much preferable, and the novelty of change was an agreeable episode which dissipated for a time the *ennui* of a monotonous life. Our new quarters were pleasanter than the old, and I was at once among a different crew, with faces, features, and experiences new to me. The forming of new acquaintances was a pleasure, and marked an era in a humdrum life of sameness. Only those who have lived for months or years

"In the rank and narrow ship,
Housed on the wild sea with wild usages,"

know how to appreciate any change that gives variety.

In a few days the flagship proceeded to San Francisco, while we remained at anchor.

I went ashore to take a look at the place. Aca-pulco at this time was occupied by the military under command of General Alvaredo, who is also the Governor. The power of Maximillian had not yet reached thus far. The soldiers were numerous enough, but not well disciplined or organized. The Mexicans of these parts have much of the aboriginal blood, and are small of stature. Enervated by a tropical climate, or lacking the stamina of purer European extraction, their prowess as warriors is not equal to the average Mexican. A vast horde from these regions, under another Alvaredo of the ruling family here, were, during the Mexican war, engaged in the defence of the city of Mexico, against our army.

The houses were mostly of adobe, some of them very old, and all built after patterns unknown to our northern builders.

I visited the ruins of an old church, of which only the tower is standing, a conspicuous object from the bay. The old, old Spanish bells were in the same place where they rang out their joyful peals, or solemn notes of sorrow for the ears that heard in a by-gone century.

I visited also the church on the Plaza, a barn-like structure, with earthen floor and bare rafters, ornamented with a wax figure of the Virgin, and a few colored prints. Two *devotas*, or pious females, were kneeling at the altar, and rattling off their prayers like children reciting verses in a backwoods Sunday

school. They turned to scrutinize us without interrupting their devotions, and while so employed, I do not know how many *ave marias* or *pater noster's* may have been wasted upon us.

I called also at numerous *tiendas*, or shops, to look at the merchandise, and see what manner of men the shopkeepers were. Their stock in trade consisted principally of prints, light muslins and cheap notions. The salesmen were brisk and foppish mulattoes, or the half Spanish natives.

We promenaded the streets, sometimes in the middle and sometimes on the sidewalks, where there were any, and at every turn were reminded that we were in a strange land. The sidewalks in places were lined with men, women and girls, who sold simple notions, adapted to the wants and tastes of the rural population, which, on market and holidays, thronged the streets. Donkeys loaded with every kind of country produce were wending their way to the market place on the Plaza, or returning with empty panniers to their rural retreats. The mule-mounted watermen were crying the qualities of their commodity, which they carried in huge jars, slung pannierwise on their docile and patient animals. As evening drew on, a large crowd collected on the Plaza, with eggs, fowls, fruits, and other things from the country, to be on hand at market early next morning.

The streets presented an animated appearance, and everywhere were the signs of plenty and comfort. At this time the population was estimated at about ten thousand inhabitants; and Acapulco, for a Mexican

city, was prosperous and flourishing. The life and activity presented by the throngs of well-fed natives from the country, and the better dressed, but not more civilized denizens of the town, made a great contrast with the deserted and dreary appearance of the place, after the war of the empire, with devastating battles and sieges, had here, as elsewhere, preyed upon the life-blood of Mexico.

We returned on board in the evening, well pleased with our day of new sights and experiences.

On the 29th, by the arrival of the mail steamer, we heard of the assassination of President Lincoln. The intelligence shocked and overwhelmed us with grief, and spread a visible sadness and gloom on every face. Even the roughest and least intelligent of the sailors expressed in some way their sorrow. Lincoln was venerated by even the lowly and obscure. Rough and hardy sailors, seemingly destitute of all social ties, and cut off from home-life influences, bore a tender regard for the good and honest man they had never seen. Our flag was half-masted, and the next day from sunrise to sunset we fired minute guns. The officers put on mourning, which was worn for thirty days.

CHAPTER IX.

Trip to Rio Dulce—An Escape—Shore and People—Cat Fishing at Sea—Red Fish and Moon Fish—Shark Fishing—Shark's Tenacity of Life—Return

TEN days after coming on board, my new routine of duties and amusements were varied by an expedition to the mouth of the Rio Dulce, a small stream emptying into the ocean, thirty or forty leagues southeast of Acapulco. Our object was to take soundings and examine the coast, which is little known.

The weather, as we got to sea, was very warm, and a heavy swell reminded some of us that sea sickness might exist even on the Pacific. The trip was a short one, but our progress, as we approached the vicinity of the Rio Dulce, was slow, on account of the necessity of feeling our way with the lead amid the unknown dangers of this part of the coast.

Three or four miles from shore, off the mouth of the river, we came near getting on some rocks. We were going along with plenty of water, and the men on the wheel houses were calling out the depth with sailor's monotonous drawl, when all at once the lead at the port wheel house suddenly indicated about five fathoms, while that on the starboard gave deep water, showing our close and unpleasant proximity to hidden rocks. For a moment there was some confusion,

but orders were given with promptness and executed with dispatch, so that our vessel was saved from the danger, drew off into deeper water, and dropped anchor.

The shore and mouth of the river were about a league distant. The country appeared low and marshy for some distance inland, and then rising into forest-covered hills. Along the shore and river a thick growth of tropical trees, interspersed with coea palms, flourished luxuriantly.

Toward evening some of the natives came off to us, in canoes, with yams, cocoanuts, and other fruits to sell. Their prices indicated that their commerce with the rest of the world was limited; for *quartillos* and *medios* would buy as much here as *reales* at Aca-pulco. The people are nearly Indians, having a small admixture of Spanish blood.

As soon as we had anchored, some of the sailors hung out their fish lines, and with such success, that soon every one, who could muster hook and line, was on the side and hauling in fine cat-fish in high glee. Buckets were filled and carried below. The cook had his hands full, and the galley looked like a stall in a well-stocked fish market. Long after enough had been caught to supply us as long as they would keep, the men fished for the mere pleasure of the thing. These catfish were of a nearly uniform size—being eight to ten inches long—and were caught near the surface of the water. I was surprised to see them caught at sea, as I had never seen the like before, but accounted for it, by supposing that we had

happened on a shoal that got out of the river; and this idea was supported by their seeming preference of the stratum of river water which, being fresh, flowed on the surface. There must have been immense numbers of them, judging from the quantity caught with hook and line in so short a time. The next day they had nearly all gone, and we only caught now and then a straggler from the main body of the shoal. As the sharks were numerous, I doubt not but that they and other fish of prey, committed sad havoc in the adventurous band that had better have remained in their native mud, in the palm-shaded waters of the Rio Dulce, than have wandered in search of adventures, out into the wide world of waters to such a sad end.

Beautiful red fish were as plentiful here as in Acapulco Bay; and also a singular fish, (*Tetraodon mola*,) called by the sailors the toad fish, and by others the moon, or globe fish. It has a globular form, and is thickly covered with little triangular prickles. Its little mouth is circular, and has four white, sharp teeth. It has the appearance of a collapsed toad generally, when first caught. If irritated, it will swell, or inflate itself, by swallowing air, almost to bursting. It then looks like a tiny balloon, with protruding eyes and open mouth, on the top, and lacking only a little basket car to make the resemblance complete. We frequently caught them, and might have been tempted to use them as a substitute for elastic foot-balls, had not the sailors had a fancy that the spines and flesh were venomous. Though

this fish showed a capability of being stretched, and has been represented as being of great size, I can only vouch for a greatest diameter of five or six inches.

Sharks were very numerous and easily caught, and all kinds of experiments were practiced by the sailors to test their tenacity of life. A sailor has about as much mercy on a shark that falls into his power, as the shark has on the sailor when the tables are turned. Shark fishing may be cruel and unnecessary, but it is grand sport, not entirely devoid of danger, and may be obtained all along this coast. We most frequently caught them when fishing for other game. It is generally practiced with a large, strong hook, attached to a piece of wire, to prevent its being severed by the sharp, shearing teeth of his sharkship; and this wire is fastened to a stout line. If you have about sixty fathoms of line, or more, so much the better. A piece of meat, or anything in the shape of fish, or flesh, will do for bait, as sharks are not fastidious about diet. Let your line out slowly; and if the sharks are as numerous as we found them at the mouth of the Rio Dulce, you will not have to wait long for a bite, which in shark fishing means a swallow. Pull gently, and the shark will find it more comfortable to come up gradually. When he finds what is above him he will dive, or start off at high speed. Give him line when he is furious, but keep it taut with a good, strong, steady pull, until he lies quietly along side, as generally he will do after he has wearied himself with fruitless ef-

forts and the pain from the hook. When he first comes up and takes in the situation, he struggles most furiously ; and it is a long time doubtful which individual, the one in the water, or the one on board, will retain possession of the line. Sometimes he darts down ten, twenty, or thirty feet, and it may be comes up on the other side of the vessel. When tired out he moves slowly in the water, or perhaps, lies quietly. But you have not got him yet, and he is soon rested enough for renewed struggles. As he cannot be hoisted out of the water with the line, get a rope through a block, or a watch tackle, with a running noose on the end. Put your line through the noose, and let the noose down over his head, This will require careful management ; but when effected, draw it tight just behind the forward fins, and then hoist him, up. A better way, but more difficult, is to harpoon him, and then haul up harpoon and shark together. The harpoon must be sharp and well aimed, or you will not penetrate his tough skin ; and he will then probably get indignant at your awkwardness, and go off with your line in spite of you. When you get him on deck, give him plenty of room to use his tail. If he gets a fair stroke at you with it, you will probably be surprised, and likely hurt. Get a noose over it, and cut it off with an ax or hatchet. This literally curtails his power to a great degree, but keep out of the way of his stump. Don't put your hands or feet in his mouth. This advice has been neglected by some who would afterwards have reconsidered the matter and acted otherwise, if the shark had not been in such a hurry.

The sharks tenacity of life is wonderful. I have seen them swim away, after being thrown overboard, disemboweled and tailless.

We spent a week sounding and examining the coast with boats, and on the 8th of May returned to Acapulco, after an absence of eight days.

CHAPTER X.

Commerce of the Spanish Galleons.

WHILE swinging at anchor at Acapulco over the very ground occupied by the Spanish galleons centuries ago, the reader will pardon a short digression to speak briefly of their celebrated commerce. For a more particular description we refer to the garrulous old writer who narrated the memorable voyage of Lord Anson.

This trade, as is well known, was carried on between the city of Manilla in the Philippine Islands, and the coast of America, across the whole extent of the Pacific Ocean. Very large ships were used, which made an annual voyage. In its infancy, the port of Callao, in Peru, was made the depot for the Spanish dominions in America, and from thence for a time, the galleons sailed. From Callao to Manilla, between three and four thousand leagues, the voyage was often made in little over two months, on account of the favoring influence of the trade winds in that latitude; but the return from Manilla was always tedious and, on account of having to beat up against those same winds, is said to have sometimes taken more than twelve months. In consequence of this, the return route was subsequently changed to the high northern latitudes, whence after crossing the Pacific they fol-

lowed the coast of the continent down to Callao. In order to shorten this long and dangerous voyage for the treasure ships, the trade was subsequently transferred to Acapulco, where it remained fixed.

Manilla, well situated for the India and Chinese trade, in a fertile and fruitful country, collected from all those regions, silks, goldsmiths' work, and manufactures, particularly silk stockings, of which it is said that fifty thousand pairs were usually shipped in each cargo; vast quantities of "calicoes and chintzes" and many other articles of use and luxury, wrought by the skillful artificers of the East.

These goods were embarked in one, or, at most, two annual ships, which were armed, manned, and fitted out at the expense of the King of Spain. The tonnage was divided into a certain number of bales, or equal parts, and proportioned among the convents of Manilla, principally those of the Jesuits, as a donation for the support of their missions in propagation of their faith. The Convents, or others who bought these freight privileges from them, shipped such quantities of goods as the tonnage of their shares amounted to. The trade was also limited to a certain value by royal decrees. This value, which no cargo was supposed to exceed, was generally six hundred thousand dollars; but avarice in this distant part of the world was a power greater than the will of kings; and the royal arrangement being disregarded, the value of the annual cargo often verged upon three millions of dollars, and was seldom less than one million.

The ship, when fully armed and manned, carried a

force of fifty guns, and from 350 to 600 men, though some were capable of cruising with 1200 men aboard. When freighted, she sailed from Cubite, the port of Manilla, about the middle of July usually, and arrived at Acapulco in the December, January, or February following. The usual course was to the northward of the 30th parallel of latitude, then across the ocean until signs of land were found in the floating seaweed, when a southward course was taken to make the land at Cape San Lucas. After discharging cargo at Acapulco, the return was commenced some time in March; they sailed along about the 13th or 14th parallel, and reached Manilla generally in June. Nearly a whole year being thus occupied, it was necessary to keep several ships at Manilla, suitable for the service, in order that, in case of delay, accident, or capture, the trade might not be suspended and a whole continent thrown into a flurry of disappointment, by a non-arrival.

On the long voyages from Manilla to the American coast, which were seldom of less than six month's duration, their anchor was never down, for the reason that in those days there was not a safe harbor, or roadstead known anywhere near their route. The Sandwich Islands were yet undiscovered, the course of the galleons being north of them, going east, and to the south, returning to Manilla. In so long a voyage, in a ship crowded with people, a sufficient supply of water was a matter of the first consequence. The heavy lading of the ship left little space for that necessary article; but the default was remedied by

recruiting their water from the rains at sea in the latitudes above 30° north. This dependence, seemingly so precarious, never failed them, and they always had a full supply. It was procured by spreading mats all over the ship, in such a manner that they sloped to split bamboo troughs, or spouts, which carried the water into jars placed for its reception.

When the galleon arrived at Acapulco, she was generally moored on the western side of the bay, and her valuable freight discharged with all possible expedition. At these times the old city between the hills was thronged with merchants and strangers from all parts of Mexico and Spanish America, and doubtless presented a scene of unusual bustle and activity. The cargo having been landed and disposed of, the silver and goods consigned to Manilla were taken on board as quickly as possible, in order to get to sea on the return, before the first of April, in compliance with express orders to that effect. The principal return freight, being silver, occupied so much less space in stowage, that it was customary to mount another lower tier of guns, increase the number of hands, and carry out a company or two of soldiers for garrison duty at Manilla.

Thus year after year for centuries, did this stream of traffic continue to pour wealth into the treasuries of the convents, and build up the power of the Jesuits in America and the East, until the naval enterprise of England and other countries, prying into the secrets of the Pacific, pushed into these wide and unknown waters. Many captures were made, and

the voyages rendered hazardous. New channels of trade were opened, and new marts were found, until in time the commerce of the galleons ceased.

It is remarkable that these many long voyages across the Pacific should have led to the discovery of so few islands, in a sea so thickly studded with them. It is strange that ships should continue almost for centuries to sail past the Sandwich Islands, in such close proximity, and yet never sight the lofty mountains, or the smoke from the great volcano of Hawaii, in all those years. It is a comment on the routine character of man, even in his grandest achievements.

CHAPTER XI.

Sleeping—My Occupations—Amateur Theatricals—Actor and Artist—Bandiditti ashore—Two Slight Adventures.

FOR nearly three months we swung idly at anchor in the beautiful bay of Acapulco, under the fiery tropical sun. Our anchorage was exactly the place where the Manilla galleon rode in security near a century and a half ago, while Lord Anson kept up his long and wearisome blockade out at sea. He waited patiently, but in vain, for the rich treasure ship to come out and fall into his hands an easy prey. Disappointed in this, he sailed away to meet disasters paralleled only by those through which he had already passed; yet in the end he was successful, for he captured one of them among the Philipines, and returned enriched to England.

We kept the awnings spread, and, as there was little to be done, our days dragged slowly along in a monotonous round. We ate and slept with wonderful regularity. A spirit of lassitude and indolence cast a somnolent spell upon us, and many of the men, yielding to the soporific heat, spent the greater part of the day in sleep on deck, in the cool sea breeze which reached us through a notch in the hills to the left of the town. I never before saw so much sleeping accomplished in the same length of time. Stout, strong

men, indulged in from one to two hours sleep in the forenoon, and from two to four in the afternoon. The warm tropical air was so somniferous that almost all gave way to its soothing influence, and the decks at times were covered fore and aft with the sleeping crew so thickly strewn that there was no chance for a promenader. A few individuals became so addicted to sleep that it was often necessary to wake them when they were wanted; and one especially, a thick-headed, stout-built mechanic from Philadelphia, was noted for dropping asleep anywhere, and in all positions, the moment he was unoccupied by meals or the ship's duty. Those few who, like myself, could not sleep in daytime, felt at times a languor and drowsiness which made life seem dream-like. I do not wonder at the indolence of the natives of tropical countries.

My chief occupation when our light duties were done was the study of the Spanish. I found studies which required much mental effort, wearisome, for the mind, as well as the body, objects to severe exercise in the hot, enervating atmosphere of these regions. I read all the books I could get, which were few, and diligently practiced my Spanish exercises on such unfortunate natives as fell in my way.

There was a ventriloquist on board, who was also an artist and an actor. He organized an amateur theatrical company, which gave occupation to quite a number, and amusement to all. He painted all the scenery, wrote out all the parts for the performers, (as there was only one copy of the plays,) gave di-

rections and instructions at rehearsals, and played the heavy parts himself. Besides all this, he added to the entertainment by giving ventriloquial performances, and by illustrating in original and extemporaneous farces the California Chinaman. His powers of ventriloquism were wonderful. He could also imitate the songs of birds, and give the sounds and notes so perfectly that it seemed little less than miraculous. He wrote a good hand and sketched well, using his left hand at everything. A sketch of Honolulu, which I saw him make with his left hand, was published in an illustrated weekly paper. The amateur theatricals were very successful and a credit to his enterprise. His representation of the Chinese washerman was excellent and exactly in character. This salt-water genius was a small and spare young man, named Livingston, from the interior of California.

The performances were generally on board in the evening, the starboard guns forward being shifted to make room for the stage, The awnings were dropped on the port side to close it in, and the dressing room extended back into the regions of the forecabin. The stage front was aft, so as to make the hurricane deck serve for gallery and the gangway as a dress circle; but the metropolitan order of things was here reversed, the officers and ladies occupying the gallery and the crew the dress circle. Sometimes there was a performance ashore, in a spacious hall near the central Plaza. Not being of theatrical tastes, my assistance was limited to the translation and copying

of the programmes into Spanish, for the information of the natives. General Alvaredo and family attended one of the performances.

I became quite familiar with the streets and surroundings of the place, and several times visited the Castillo Santiago. During the day, a stranger was tolerably secure in going anywhere; but at night it was not safe for any one, who might be supposed to have any money, to venture into out-of-the-way places. Frequently drunken sailors have been decoyed into dark lanes or alleys, and then murdered and robbed. One of our boatswain's mates met with a narrow escape. He had been drinking to excess with a crowd of the "baser sort" ashore, one evening, and was next morning found on the road to the fort, robbed and bloody. His throat had been cut from ear to ear, but fortunately not deep enough to prove fatal. He recovered, but will carry the unsightly scar to his grave, a memento of the Acapulco ruffians.

One evening in July, as I was returning from the cocoa palm grove, along the Calle de Mejico, I turned into a dark, deserted street, which seemed a nearer way to my lodgings, near the Plaza. I had advanced a few rods only from the lighted street into the darkness, when I saw the dark outlines of a man coming down towards me. From his actions it appeared that he had been drinking. Being unarmed, and not wishing, in that secluded place, any conversation with a drunken native of such size and strength, armed doubtless with a sharp cuchillo, or

machete, I tried to avoid him by stopping in the shadow of the deserted houses until he should pass without seeing me. The street was so narrow that this expedient failed, and he, as soon as he perceived me, came up and demanded to know who I was. I answered "*un Americano*," and questioned him in turn. He began talking with drunken volubility in such a way that I could understand but little of what he said. I made out, however, that he wanted me to go to the outskirts of the town, where he promised to find "*aguardiente y muchachas muy bonitas*." I had no desire to go with him to meet assassins and robbers, and refused. He took my arm with rude familiarity, and propped to go any way. He seemed to be much stronger than I, and besides had a bright cuchillo, or sheath-knife, in his belt. As I was not very tractable, he offered me a flask of vile smelling liquor, as a more powerful persuasive, and when I refused to drink the stuff he drew his knife and threatened me savagely. Just then some men on horseback, probably Mexican officers, came dashing down the dark and narrow street. When they were close up to us I knocked him down, more easily than I expected, and in the noise, confusion, and darkness, hurried past the horsemen up the street. I never heard or saw anything of him afterward.


Proceeding up the street, I came to an open space, near the ruins of the old church, dimly lighted by the lamps of the distant Plaza. Here I perceived a crowd of excited natives with clubs, knives, and stones, and in the midst of them a drunken fireman

from the ship, who, unarmed and surrounded, was reviling them in all the most insulting terms of his limited Spanish. He tried to pass on, but they kept him back. In his drunken unconsciousness of danger, he challenged them to fight, called them cowards, and used an epithet unfit for ears polite, which he happened to know, and which is the grossest insult a Mexican can conceive. The excited and savage rabble crowded around him, and the condition of affairs began to be serious and alarming for the foolhardy fellow. Still unperceived in the dark shadow of the wall, I was calculating the chances of successful interference, when I saw among the crowd, a fellow whom I recognized as Manuel Gordo, who claimed to be a bugler at General Alvarez' headquarters, and who had been, a few months previously, on board ship with me. Kowing his fondness for *aguardiente*, his ruling passion, and that he had some influence with the rough crowd, I went up to him and asked him to interfere and let the fireman go. He said he could not, that they wanted to kill the fellow because they were enraged at his insults. I promised him "*dinero para beber*," and taking his arm pushed into the crowd. By this time the fireman, beginning to see his danger, was getting anxious to get away. My sudden appearance, and perhaps the supposition that I had companions close at hand, stopped the violent proceedings; and during the momentary indecision, the fireman, on my advice, made a run of it, and struck out for the Plaza as fast as he could go. The cowards did not choose to follow him into the light

of the lamps on the square. The promise of something to drink kept Manuel close to me; but in order to get away from the disappointed crowd without a volley of stones, or other rough usage, it was necessary for Manuel to promise unlimited quantities of the ardent liquid at my expense. I have no doubt he made the mental reservation, that all he brought them would be what he was not able to drink himself. Arrived at the Plaza, I gave him some *reales* and left him. The next morning I saw him almost too drunk to stand, and importunate for more money.

CHAPTER XII.

Off on a Cruise for the Shenandoah—Off Pt. Conception—The Golden Gate—Mare Island—Old Ships—Off to Sea—A Storm—Esquimalt, V. I.—Flat Head Indians—Coaling—A Tragedy—Off for the Sandwich Islands—A Tempest—Fair Weather Again—Visit from a Blue bird in Mid Ocean—A Floating Spar—Water-Spouts—First View of the Sandwiches.

N the 29th of July, the steamer America arrived with news of the depredations being committed by the Rebel Cruiser Shenandoah, among the whaling vessels in the north Pacific. All was at once bustle and activity aboard, with preparations for departure, to cruise after the marauder. The next day at noon we were under way for San Francisco. We put to sea with H. B. M. Devastation, which we soon left far behind.

After a few days of tolerable weather we had head winds, and a rough sea. We overhauled and spoke every vessel we saw for news of the Shenandoah's precise whereabouts, but got very little information. Many of the vessels were whalers, a long time out, and some of them did not know they were exposed to an enemy.

Off Point Conception, which sailors call the Cape Horn of California, we lowered all yards and top-masts, and with stump masts and steam walked into the teeth of the wind which assaulted us from the northwest. Here all the year round there is a blow,

with few sudden variations of intensity. For weeks the gale maintains the same fury and velocity under a clear, blue, unclouded sky. By day the bright sun and by night the stars, glittering unobscured, witness the unusual phenomena of a storm wind without clouds or rain. The sea was very rough and the wind whistled and howled through our diminished top hamper, in one monotonous key.

Eleven days steaming from Acapulco brought us in sight of the Golden Gate, as the entrance to the ample bay of San Francisco is called, and the Cliff House on the point to the right. Without stopping at the city we proceeded at once to Mare Island up the Bay, to coal and refit for a long cruise.

Mare Island is a long and narrow island opposite Vallejo in Sonora County, and admirably situated for use as a navy yard, for which purpose it is used by the government. From the Napa River, where we dropped anchor, the officers' houses and the fine brick barracks, with other large and spacious buildings used as store houses, present an agreeable prospect. Here moored, were various vessels, and among others the old line frigate Independence, a seventy-four gun ship, dismantled and decaying, her warfare with storms and enemies passed, and her service ended. Several other hulks of the olden time, like old heroes worn out in the service of their country, were here ending their days in dignified retirement.

We arrived on the afternoon of August 10th, and to give us a speedy departure, all the forces of the yard were put to work, and no time lost. The next

day we dropped into the dry dock, were hoisted out of the water, and by sundown were calked and coppered for a voyage round the world, if need be. Immediately after leaving the dock the coaling commenced, and continued without intermission, night and day, for two days, during which time we took aboard three hundred and fifty tons of coal. On the evening of the 13th, seventy-two hours after our arrival, we steamed out of the Napa river into the bay, and began our long cruise.

On account of a thick fog, we were compelled to anchor off Ft. Point, and await a pilot. The next morning, by the first grey streaks of the dim daylight we were wending our way to sea in a foggy mist.

We ran two days for the Sandwich Islands, and then, in consequence of some information received from a passing vessel, put about for Vancouver's Island. We hailed every passing sail, for each, until made out, was a possible Shenandoah to us.

On the 17th a most furious storm began and raged with violence, giving me, at least, my first decided taste of winter on the ocean. The cold rain and north winds made us most decidedly uncomfortable. Our late tropical experiences had not fitted us to meet with unconcern these northern blasts.

Three long days and nights wore slowly away, and at length we entered the Straits of San Juan de Fuca. Gladly we cast anchor at Esquimalt, a fine harbor surrounded by green pine forests. The scenery much reminded me of what I had read of Norwegian landscapes. This port is but a short distance from

Victoria, the seat of the colonial government of Vancouver's Island. Several British men-of-war, including the *Clio*, were here at anchor.

Many Flat Head Indians still inhabit these parts and are objects of curiosity. Their canoes are light, neat and buoyant; and many of their manufactures, such as bows, arrows, pipes, and wash-basin-hats, well constructed; but they themselves, one and all, appeared to me the most disgusting and wretched specimens of humanity I ever beheld.

On the night of our arrival we were warped in to the wharf, in order to have the "coal bunkers" refilled. This was done by the men wheeling the coal from the wharf over the bow. While thus employed some of them procured whisky and got very drunk. Even the guard stationed on the wharf to prevent the smuggling of liquor, became so wild and unmanageable himself that, under the influence of the vile stuff, he shot one of the petty officers sent to relieve him. Fortunately the wound which penetrated the groin, though dangerous, did not at once prove fatal, and the poor fellow was afterward discharged a cripple for life. The guard was of course put in irons, subsequently tried, and condemned to the California State prison. The drunkenness and excitement that night made our vessel a small pandemonium.

In three days we were off again, and, after getting clear of the Straits, bore away for the Sandwich Islands.

A day or two of moderate weather was followed by another storm and hurricane. The blow com-

menced in the night, and by daylight on the 26th, the winds and waves were in wild commotion. All day the fury of the storm increased, and we were tossed about as I had never been before. Sometimes the vessel would take a dive into the almost perpendicular side of an advancing wave, and stagger and tremble, like a drunken man, under the tremendous force of the blow. The wind hissed among the waves, shattering and scattering into spray their irregular tops, exposed to its force. It roared and howled through the rigging, and around us, with a sad groaning sound, such as all the agony of all the ages, if concentrated by supernatural power, might give. The overhanging, flying clouds darkened the waves with a fierce expression of gloom. Though staunch and trim, the ship labored fearfully. Part of the wheel houses were washed away, and planks on the guards, six inches thick, stove in. The foremast was sprung, and one of the main stays, of chain cable, parted and fell rattling over the smoke stack to the deck. Fortunately no one was killed or injured.

Night came on, but few, if any, slept. Even those not on duty, instead of going below, collected under shelter of the hurricane deck, determined to see the worst, at least in company. The negroes aboard were some of them pictures of horror, leaning motionless, and with fixed eyes, against the railing; while the water shipped forward, washed past them unnoticed and unheeded. It seemed to them the day of doom. Fear or despair was depicted on the countenances of many of the men. Many were the vows of reforma-

tion and virtue, prompted by a cowardice that dreaded impending death more than the consequences of vicious lives. The most reckless and vicious in the past were now the most solemn. Young M—, a wild and dissolute young man, made solemn vows of reform and future good behaviour to be forgotten when the storm was over. I saw him a year or more afterward, at home, dying of consumption, and he referred to his broken resolutions with great remorse.

In the darkness we sheltered ourselves as well as we could from the cold wind and spray, and the night was spent in anxious waiting for the morning. The hours seemed long indeed, and that night was an age of weird watching. Those who were not silent, told stories of shipwreck and disaster. A sailor who had passed nearly all his life at sea, minutely detailed a narrative of personal dangers and escapes, to which I had never heard him refer before. All conversation took the same turn, and we listened eagerly in the very presence of death. There was a comfort in the sound of the human voice amid the horrible raging of the ocean.

The gloomy night at length was over, and morning came. The smoke stack was encrusted with salt from the spray, from top to bottom. Showers from the waves that beat on the bows still broke over the yards, and drenched us fore and aft. As the day passed by without any increase of the violence of the gale, we began to hope that the worst was over; and by night our hopes were realized. In twenty-four hours more we were in a reasonable sea, and Jack Tar forgot death and the dangers of the storm.

In a few days more came fine weather and fair winds. The waves subsided under us, instead of over us, and our ship "danced gaily over the blue deep."

One day, half way from the Continent to the islands, a small blue bird, weary and almost exhausted, came aboard. It certainly could not have come from land, for we were nearly a thousand miles from the nearest. It is probable that it had escaped or been lost from some ship. What a lonely and wearisome flight it must have had over the vast reaches of water, before it at last espied our vessel, a small speck in its far distant horizon. Had it been endowed with speech and reason, it could have related an experience of most absorbing interest.

Another day we passed a floating spar covered with barnacles, indicating that it had been long in the water, but with nothing else about it to give any clue to its past history. Where were the ship and crew to which it had once belonged? What poor fellows may have clung to that wood despairingly, until the cold waves loosened their hold on it and life together? We could not know, and it floated by, alone with its secrets known only in the eternal world.

Early one morning we had a fine view of several waterspouts at one time. They were at a considerable distance, but very distinct and clearly defined. Some were in process of formation, while others were breaking. The novelty of the scene, and the great size of the columns of water made it a very impres-

sive view. Of course all hands were on deck to see them, and we watched them until their evanescent forms were swallowed up in the distance, or the ocean.

Approaching the Islands, we necessarily made considerable southing; and this brought us again into our genial climate of the latitude of Mexico. This, with the calm, deep, blue sea, and clear, bright grey sky, after the stormy part of the voyage was most delightful.

On the 5th of September, as I was idly leaning over the ship's side, scanning the horizon for some new object, I saw a dim outline which seemed denser than clouds, and shortly after, the man at the mast-head reported land. We were off the east coast of the island of Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Islands. We came closer to the land in the evening, and saw the lofty Koa looming magnificently above the fleecy clouds, that hung around its brow caressingly, or as if they clung for support while they peered from its high peak down into the fires of Kilauea's burning lake. It sloped away on the left to that great volcano. We passed to the northward, and as the different islands rose in view, the scene was fine indeed. I remained late on deck, watching, lest some object of interest should escape me; and when I retired to my hammock, it was with the pleasant consciousness that at last I was floating among the very islands of which, in my childhood, I had read so much in missionary narratives, and which imagination had pictured as a far off land of wonders.

CHAPTER XIII.

Appearance of Oahu—News of the Shenandoah—Off for the Marquesas—Headwinds and Squalls—Fate of the Levant—Crossing the "Line"—Ocean Scenes—Nukahiva Bay, Marquesas Islands—Cannibals—Catholic Missionaries—Com. Porter and the Essex—Scenery of Nukahiva Bay.

THE next morning when I came on deck at seven o'clock, we were just off Diamond Head, an old crater forming a bold point about four miles from the town of Honolulu. The city itself soon appeared, and we approached and anchored in the harbor.

It is thought by some that Oahu does not at a distance present a very inviting appearance. It is true that the crater-shaped hills around are barren and bare; but the signs of life and cultivation in the direction of the Nuuana Valley, by the contrast, seem pleasant and cheerful, and especially so, did they seem to us, after our long voyage. The town itself, a collection of European and native houses nestling among the numerous trees, looks very picturesque, and has long been a place of blessed memory to sailors; but during our stay this time, we had no time to satisfy idle curiosity. Our object was to get to sea again as soon as possible; and all hands were kept busy coaling and repairing the damages sustained during the voyage. As we returned to Honolulu, I shall have more to say about it in another place.

Our news here from the Shênandoah was meager and indefinite. Our prospects of a conflict with the pirate, and subsequent prize money, did not grow brighter; yet we did not give up all hopes of getting along side of her. On the contrary, the laurels of Winslow and the Kearsarge, though they did not keep us from sleeping, yet acted powerfully on our imaginations. We pictured, in fancy, the glory we should win in a bloody conflict with the marauder. We foresaw all the incidents as we would have them; our eight and eleven inch shot tearing up her iron-sides, knocking down her spars in fine style, and finally sending her to the bottom in the presence perhaps of an appreciative audience of whaling ships. It is true, that occasionally, some timid croaker would suggest the possibility of a vice versa arrangement—that the Shenandoah might send us down, instead of going down quietly and properly herself—as she was said to be an iron ship, while ours was wooden. But such suggestions met with little approbation or encouragement.

In a few days we were ready and put to sea, heading for the Marquesas Islands. We thought it possible that Semmes, who was in command of the Shenandoah, might conclude that these islands would be a good place to “die in the last ditch,” and we accordingly proceeded to search for him there.

Head winds and squalls retarded us somewhat. All yards were sent down, and yet we made good headway, notwithstanding the condition of affairs. Occasionally terrible storms visit this part of the ocean.

The United States ship *Levant*, with her two hundred officers and men sailed into this very sea and was never heard from afterwards. The gallant ship had won a place in history by a glorious career, and here, fully armed, manned, and equipped, she disappeared forever from her "stage of action," leaving no trace, or memento, save a sad memory for all who were connected with her crew by ties of friendship or consanguinity. Long was she searched for, and long talked of by the navy, but never more returned her white sails to gladden friends or country.

On the 26th we were near the Equator, and some of the old salts made dire preparations, in accordance with the time-honored custom, to receive Neptune in proper style. I had an impression that these quaint old ceremonies had become obsolete, but was informed that they are still very commonly practiced on board the ships of various other nations as well as our own. Old hoops were rudely sharpened and fashioned into huge razors, other preparations were made, and lists made out of those to be put through the mysterious rites. As about half our crew had never been across "the line," and were in consequence subjects for initiation, these arrangements caused considerable consternation and excitement among the novices, as the ceremony, if proceeded with, would be no jest to them. The list was headed with the name of an officer, the son of a distinguished western senator, who viewed the preparations from the hurricane deck with much trepidation and alarm. He was somewhat comforted when told, that in very

rare cases, a sum of money would purchase exemption from the rough handling of the myrmidons of Neptune. He was again however much cast down when informed that, on this occasion, money would not be accepted, and that he must expect to be properly initiated in due time. It turned out, after all, greatly to his relief, that those who had never crossed the line were so numerous and so determined to resist, that they made the undertaking too great to be attempted; consequently all escaped, and the shaving with old hoops and saws, and washing with bilge water were dispensed with.

Sept. 27th. The weather very fine. The wavelets at rest, while a long, stately swell heaves us up and lets us down quietly as we fly over the blue depths. Flying fish in shoals rise up and skim along over the smooth undulations to disappear again in the ocean. Numerous fleets of the tiny physalia, or "Portuguese men-of-war," as the sailors call them, are seen all around. These beautiful and curious creatures of the ocean, floating before the breeze with their tiny sails, add much interest to the scene.

September 30th, at 10 a. m., we dropped anchor in the wild and romantic bay of Nukahiva in one of the Marquesas. The irregular volcanic mountains, with hanging rocks of grotesque shapes poised so precariously that it seemed as if the wind might at any moment bring them down in an avalanche, verdant groves of cocoa and orange trees, half hiding native huts, and the thickly wooded sides of the hills, broken here and there by a bare water course,

all combined to form an interesting and picturesque scene.

Tattooed natives, nearly naked, came off to us, bringing fruits to sell. They were of medium stature and well formed, but with unattractive features. These people have been voracious cannibals, and broiled or roasted missionary was an article of diet once highly prized here. The French authorities have endeavored to prevent their indulgence in this little luxury, and have to a great extent succeeded, for we saw no signs of its use. The supply had evidently run out, or was reserved exclusively for home consumption by the chiefs and warriors in districts remote from the surveillance of the French.

An old chief, tattooed from head to foot, came on board and gave us a harangue with most outlandish gestures, grimaces and attitudes. The untamed savage acted more like a madman than like a respectable, well fed cannibal. A few ornaments about his head, and a spear, constituted about all his attire.

The French have a small force here and occupy the islands. Catholic missionaries, under their protection operate among the natives and use every means to eradicate their appetite for human flesh. We saw a procession of them in white, going to mass very early in the morning. I have no doubt these native christians would, if they dared, roast and eat their pious teachers much more eagerly than they now listen to, or receive their instructions.

There were a few persons here who claimed to be Americans, and expressed great satisfaction to hear

of the end of the war. I believe one of them said that their last news was of the battle of Chancellorsville. Persons have remained here for many years, cut off from all the world by the wide expanse of ocean that surrounds these unimportant and unfrequented islands. Vessels seldom touch here; and consequently the chances of getting a passage from them are few and far between. The climate, however, like that of all this latitude, is genial; and the inhabitants require very little protection from the weather.

This place is noted in the history of the navy for the events which transpired here, during the stay of the Essex and her prizes, under the gallant Porter, more than fifty years ago. The situation of the Essex at that time was sufficiently remarkable. "More than ten thousand miles from home, without colonies, stations, or even a really friendly port to repair to, short of stores, without a consort, and otherwise in possession of none of the required means of subsistence and efficiency, she had boldly steered into this distant region, where she had found all that she required, through her own activity; and having swept the seas of her enemies, she had now retired to these little frequented islands to refit, with the security of a ship at home. It is due to the officer, who so promptly adopted, and so successfully executed this plan, to add, that his enterprise, self reliance, and skill, indicated a man of bold and masculine conception, of great resources, and of a high degree of moral courage; qualities that are indispen-

sable in forming a naval captain. The cruise of the Essex was certainly one of the most notable in the annals of naval warfare, and Porter's Narrative, in which it is described, has more than the interest of a romance.

The scenery of Nukahiva is very grand and romantic. I wished much to remain longer to visit the verdure-covered hills, and see if the enchantment which "distance lends the view" would vanish upon a nearer approach. For a while at least, it could but be delightful to lose one's self in wild scenes of beauty in this little corner of creation, so far remote from populous lands. At sunset the scene was gorgeous, ay, glorious! There were such blendings of golden light and verdant shade, such contrasts of the colors of sea and sky, of hill and valley, of bare brown rocks and green groves, as words can never describe, or pencil paint.

CHAPTER XIV.

Up Anchor and off for Tahiti—Low Archipelago—Appearance of Tahiti—Its Beauty—Papiete—Coral Reef and Transparency of the Water—View from the Anchorage—Fruits and Shells—Moonlight Dances aboard—Barque Glimpse—French Soldiers—The Deserted Wife—Matavila Bay—Contrast with the Past—The day of Captain Wallis' Arrival—To Honolulu.

EARLY in the morning all hands were called, the anchor hove up, and at daybreak we directed our course toward the island of Tahiti. Three days after, we were among the islets of the Low Archipelago. These are very numerous and many of them so low that, being covered with trees and foliage, they have the appearance of clumps of shrubbery upon the ocean. I believe they are mostly uninhabited, though frequented by the natives of the neighboring islands for the purpose of fishing, and searching for rare and beautiful shells.

The next morning Tahiti came in view. Words would scarcely describe the pleasure I felt when first I saw the peaks Orohena and Aorai towering above the wooded slopes of this beautiful island, which more than any other part of the world interested my imagination in childhood. I had read over and over again all the glowing descriptions which early voyagers and missionaries gave of the glorious climate, and luxuriant vegetation of these favored spots; and with them I had in youthful fancy visited and ex-

explored them, many a time. It seemed like the pleasure of greeting old acquaintances, combined with all the charms of novelty.

The distant view of Tahiti is certainly beautiful. Outlined against a brilliant sky are wooded hills of gradual ascent, covered with luxuriant foliage, and sloping to the sea shore, or to cosy valleys, suggestive of cool and limpid streams and shady nooks. Encircling the island the white breakers on the reef appear like a band in which this ocean gem is set. The purity of the atmosphere enhances the charms of verdure, and the undimmed colors of the picture in all their brilliancy and loveliness appear to the vision of the storm worn sailor, like a glimpse of paradise. He may be unconscious perhaps of the minutiae of the scenery, but feels its effect as a whole, and delights in the peaceful contrast with the rough vicissitudes through which he has passed.

The beauty of Tahiti has been praised by every voyager, from Captain Wallis who discovered it, to the present. It was described by Wallis as a country of "the most delightful and romantic appearance that could be imagined." "The aspect of the coast," says M. de Bougainville, the celebrated French navigator, "was very pleasing. The mountains rose to a great height, yet there was no appearance of barrenness, all parts were covered with woods. We could scarcely believe our eyes when we beheld a peak clothed with trees, even to its solitary summit, which rose to the level of the mountains in the interior part of the isle. Its breadth grew gradually less towards

the top, and at a distance it might have been taken for some pyramid of a vast height, which the hand of a tasteful decorator had inwreathed with garlands of foliage. As we sailed along the coast, our eyes were struck with the sight of a beautiful cascade, which precipitated itself from the mountain tops, and threw its foaming waters into the sea." And again; "Often as I walked into the interior, I thought I was transported into the Garden of Eden; we crossed grassy plains covered with fair fruit trees, and watered by small rivulets which diffused a delicious coolness around."

About nine A. M. we passed the reef of coral which encircles the island, and anchored in the bay of Papiete. The passage is formed by a stream of fresh water from the land, running out here. The coral insect does not flourish in fresh water, and as a consequence a passage is formed through which vessels may enter the quiet waters of the bay. The ocean here was unusually transparent, and the coral groves in the depths beneath us were distinctly visible. As I leaned over the side I could clearly see shoals of sportive fishes flitting in and out among the fantastic forms of the coral shrubbery, and mark the effect of the shadow of the ship, passing like a dark cloud over the airy forms of beauty far beneath a sky of limpid waters. Such transparency of the ocean to so great a depth is very rare, and only at one other place have I noticed it.

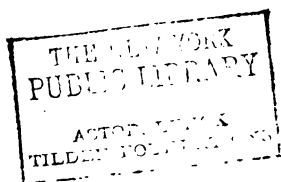
Papiete is a picturesque village and the headquarters of the government, at present in the hands of

the French. From our anchorage Eimeo, another island about four leagues away, was in sight. Close to the town, in the harbor near us, rose the beautiful little Moto-utu, "like Aphrodite from the foam of the ocean." It was covered with a grove of oranges and cocoas, and seemed scarcely raised above the level of the water. This was formerly the residence of the kings and great chiefs of Tahiti—the center of the power that ruled these islands before their discovery.

We lay at anchor a few days awaiting the conclusion of negotiations for coal. The natives brought off an abundance of delicious oranges, cocoanuts, and other tropical fruits, which they sold at surprisingly low rates, and we purchased large supplies. The men also stocked themselves with sea shells, specimens of coral, colored and plain, fanciful or beautiful, according as the work of nature had been tampered with. In the evenings the sailors improvised dances on the forecastle. With a good band, and the glorious moonlight scenery of Tahiti, upon "the whispering sea," we lacked only the charms of woman's wit and grace to complete the satisfaction of those pleasant occasions.

In a day or two the barque *Glimpse* hauled along side, with three hundred and eighty tons of coal, which was soon transferred to our "bunkers." It was hinted that this coal had been intended for the *Shenandoah*, but missed its destination somehow.

Ashore we found the French soldiers of the garrison polite and affable. They visited us aboard, and





FIRST ARRIVAL OF THE DOLPHIN. See page 106.

were much surprised at the size and caliber of our batteries. They seem to take the world easy, but it is plainly to be seen that they long to return to the "pleasant land of France," from which their service banishes them for an indefinite length of time. Though Tahiti is a pleasant place in and of itself, yet the isolation from the rest of the world is so great that a long residence here must be wearisome and irksome in the extreme. Were return impossible, it would be almost a living death, better indeed than Selkirk's solitude, or that of the mutineers of the Bounty, but still dreadful to a man blessed with the ties of family and friendship, and accustomed to live in the society of his kind and kindred.

A number of men deserted and remained when we left, and several were shipped who had long been waiting an opportunity to get back to the world. Among those taken on board was an American who had married a native girl, and attempted to settle down. His desire to get away rendered him oblivious of all the requirements of honor and manhood, and he deserted his wife in the most heartless manner. When she found out where he had gone, she came off to the ship in a canoe, and with many tears and lamentations besought him to return. Her entreaties were all in vain, for he sailed with us, though he acknowledged that she had always been kind and affectionate.

On the 15th we left Tahiti and steamed past Matavai Bay, the place most frequented by the early voyagers. There Captain Cook once witnessed a grand

naval review of 330 vessels, carrying by his calculation 7,760 men, warriors and rowers, armed with clubs, spears and stones, and wearing turbans, breastplates, and helmets; but the waters were now placid and still, with not a canoe to be seen. The warriors are gone and the chiefs are dead. New and strange vices and diseases have swept the teeming population away and left only a demoralized and decaying remnant, soon to become extinct. The tribes and people of these islands, like those of many others in the Pacific, have been ruthlessly trodden down in the "grand march of civilization."

It was a portentous day for these islanders when Captain Wallis discovered them. The morning broke clear and fair, and there lay the Dolphin, five leagues away. The breeze filled her great white sails as she bore up for the land. Here and there along the shore, on the hillside, or from out his rude hut, a native glancing seaward beheld the supernatural vision, and stood still with astonishment and wonder. With bated breath he points it out to his companion, or runs for his friends. Soon there is a hurrying to and fro, and the news spreads all along the mountain side. Can it be a beneficent deity, or a devouring demon that comes thus grandly to their shore? Strange emotions seize them, and instinctively they gather together in one crowd, with their chieftains and the priests of their gods. They are moved by one impulse more effectual than ever was mandate of their king. A thick fog settles down, hiding the phantom from their sight, and they gain courage to launch

their canoes. All together they paddle cautiously from the shore; and when the mists roll away, there is the wonder, close to them, rocking up and down on the ocean swell, with a slow and stately motion. There were several hundreds of canoes, of various sizes, filled with people who sat gazing at the ship in great astonishment, and, by turns, conversed one with another. "Their wonder was excited by other circumstances besides the vast bulk and strange construction of the Dolphin; they beheld the fulfilment of a prophesy which had been handed down to them from remote times, but was of a nature so incredible that they scarcely expected it would ever come to pass. One of their sages, named *Maui*, had in an inspired moment foretold that in future ages a *vaa ama ore*, literally an outriggerless canoe, would come to their shores from a distant land. An outrigger being indispensable to keep their barks upright in the water, they could not believe that a vessel without one could live at sea, until, on looking on the magnificent structure before them, they unanimously declared that the prediction of *Maui* was fulfilled, and that the fated ship had arrived."

We were now bound for Honolulu again. The weather was fine, and good breezes favored us so that we flew onward at a tremendous pace. We carried fore and aft and square sails,—all we could get on. One day the martingale parted, and the jib-boom was in danger of being carried away, but was by activity and promptness secured.

22nd.—Under British colors and in chase of a ves-

sel sighted on the starboard beam in the morning. It turned out to be all right, so we kept on our way. We have just crossed the line, and are on the starboard tack, going ten knots an hour.

25th—Tumbling about considerably in a rough sea. Our pivot eleven inch gun secured by extra tackles to keep it aboard.

Oct. 28th—To the windward of Maui and north of Hawaii. Besides these two islands, Ranai, Molokai and Oahu are in sight, some of them but dimly seen in the distance.

On the 29th we arrived a second time at Honolulu and found the harbor full of whale ships from the North Pacific. Their rigging being covered with whale bone put out to dry, presented a singular appearance. We received no further news of the Shenandoah, and consequently our hunt was up. We subsequently learned that she was at that time making the best of her way to England, where she ended her career of piracy peaceably, very unfortunately for us and our great expectations of prize money.

CHAPTER XV.

Honolulu—Pali Precipice—A Ride up the Mountain—Former Customary Salutation—Royal Road—A Brewery—Primitive Livery Stable—Places of Interest—Future of Hawaii—Sugar Production—Chinese Restaurant—Character of the Natives—Kanaka Sailors—Baw Fish and Poi—Rev. S. C. Damon—Missionary Efforts—Decrease of Population—Departure—A Whale Ship in Distress.

HONOLULU is pleasantly located at the entrance of the Nuuanu valley, which is formed by a break in the central volcanic ridge of Oahu. This valley is about seven miles long, and ascends gradually from the town, contracting in width until it reaches its highest point, where a deep precipice, called the Pali, drops suddenly eleven hundred feet, to the northern side of the island. Here the trade wind rushes through, almost continually, between peaks that tower fifteen hundred feet above. This is a noted place in the history of the islands, for here is shown the spot where the last independent chiefs of Oahu fought their last battle, and were driven by their conqueror, the first Kamehameha, over the steep to indiscriminate death below.

One fine morning a party of us started on horseback for the Pali. Animated by the prospective pleasures of the ride, we dashed through the suburbs with the recklessness of sailors, and were soon coursing by the plantations of *taro* along the valley. My horse was in excellent condition, and it was delight-

ful to be again in the saddle, and among new and unusual scenes. Our breakneck speed did not continue very long before several of the party, unused to such exercise, fell behind and returned. Among the number was H—, who had often dilated upon his horsemanship, and was considered a champion equestrian until it was thus proved that he was not sailor enough to manage an equine craft. A sailor is proverbially fond of horses, and likes a hard ride. Instead of hiring a horse and mounting it, he "char-ters" one, and "gets aboard." The saddle is "amid-ships on the spar deck," and the bridle is the "head gear." If he has no saddle, he is inclined to get too far "aft on the quarter deck" of the beast. Instead of stopping and hitching, he "comes to an anchor and moors" to a post or tree.

Our road soon began to ascend, and we proceeded more slowly. The waters of the little stream that runs down this valley, we noticed, were extensively used to irrigate the black volcanic soil which produces the *taro* so abundantly. The natives in the *taro* patches, or on the road, seemed in no hurry.

Still ascending, the road dwindled to a foot path, and began to be very rough. My companions now all returned, and I pushed on alone. On reaching a considerable elevation, I stopped to rest and enjoy the prospect spread out beneath me. The city and shipping did not seem distant, but in reality they were twice as far away as they appeared. Viewed from this height, the ocean appeared grander in extent, and more expansive, than I had ever seen it before.

I would advise all poets to postpone writing their odes, or addresses to the ocean, until they have looked out upon it from some lofty elevation.

As I went on, slight showers became frequent, from clouds that had been wrecked on the peaks that surmount the precipice. These showers do not extend down to the town, but up here, about the summits of the island, continually alternate with the sunshine. Now a sprinkle of rain drops from the clear, sun-lit sky; now a momentary shower is precipitated over the mountain upon you, without warning. The air became cooler, and my light clothing, not being adapted to such a change of climate, or to cool showers, I very reluctantly returned, without reaching the edge of the precipice. Leading my horse down the uneven path I had gone up, the bright sunshine and warmer air below soon dried my wet clothing; and, after descending to the valley, I took another road leading into the town.

As I passed along the valley, before reaching the macadamized road, I noticed many of the primitively constructed huts of the poorer natives, thatched with cocoa-palm leaves, interspersed among pleasant little cottages, snugly ensconced among native trees. Occasionally I met a native with his calabashes of *poi* swung, Chinese fashion, on a stick over his shoulder. Sometimes several were sauntering along together, in a sociable and leisurely manner. Here and there a *kanaka* was occupied about his *taro* patch, or engaged in household affairs, in an indolent, careless manner, that betokened his easy spirit. Time is not

considered. Care does not seem to afflict them, as it does in our land of nervous, anxious hurry, so highly favored in all things save the climate. Every one replied to my salutation of "*aloha oe*" with a pleasant smile; and some seemed inclined to enter into conversation, but as those two words were about all the Hawaiian I knew, I was debarred that pleasure. Formerly it was customary for persons meeting, or bidding adieu, to rub their noses together in friendly recognition or solemn farewell. Not only was this the form of salute between persons; it was observed when meeting with a favorite dog, or hog, or any domestic animal. Tradition relates that when Kahavari, in Hawaii, was flying from the wrathful goddess Pele of the volcanoes, who, in a devouring flood of burning lava, had licked up his house and village, for some offense, he met, on the sea shore, his favorite hog Aroipuaa, and had only time to rub noses affectionately and say, "*Aroha ino oe, ke ai mainei Pele,**" before the advancing lava overwhelmed them both in the sea.

By the roadside I noticed an immense cactus. It was a green tangled mass, of several feet in width and height, and thickly covered with formidable spines.

Arrived in the suburbs of Honolulu, I found the highway by which I entered the town, wide and well made, forming an excellent drive. This road is kept in repair by the royal government. With the exception of bridle and foot paths, roads are scarce in these

*Affection great to you; Pele comes devouring.

islands. In the city I passed a brewery ; but whether the natives are fond of ale and beer, I did not learn. The laws are very strict in regulating the sale of all kinds of intoxicating drinks to the natives. The privilege of getting drunk is narrowed down almost to a royal prerogative, by legal enactments ; but, like other royal monopolies, is frequently infringed by enterprising descendents of the *ava* toppers of former times.

My horse was glad to return from his hard trip, and resume his quarters on the street corner. Whether he or I endured the greater hardship, is still, in my mind, an undecided question. In consideration of fifty cents paid in advance to his master, I received a jolting up and down the volcanic island of Oahu, which made me sore for several days ; but the novelty and grandeur of the views obtained, more than balanced all the discomforts of the ride. The livery stable was a street corner, where a number of horses stand tied during the day, to await customers. The natives of both sexes ride well, though few can afford to keep a horse. The ladies, from the royal family down, take the rational position on horseback, —that of men,—and deride the false modesty which in our country compels a woman to forego a healthful and proper exercise, or take it at the risk of her neck.

Among other objects of interest in and around the town of Honolulu, there is the palace, the first native church, the Bethel, the schools, Punch Bowl Hill, an old crater just beyond the town, Diamond Head, and Wiakiki, the country residence of the king.

Honolulu presents many signs of progress and improvement, but these are due to foreign capital and enterprise, principally American. There is hope for the future of these islands, not in the permanence or power of the Hawaiian kingdom, but in the future territorial or state government under the American flag. American capital will absorb the resources and advantages of these sea-girt spots, as it is doing; and in the near future they must belong to our commonwealth, if we would not basely abandon many of our own enterprising citizens, to the vicissitudes of chance for protection.

The principal export from Honolulu is sugar, which has been successfully produced here. Large plantations in Hawaii are cultivated by Chinese laborers, in default of better. Many Chinese have been imported for this purpose. I saw a number of the Celestials who had just been landed. They were kept closely guarded in a strong room, by a sentry from the king's standing army. These Chinamen were a most villainous looking lot, and appeared to be, as they are represented, criminals and convicts. They need to be guarded and watched constantly, for sometimes they commit murders and assassinations on the plantations. An instance of this kind occurred a short time after our visit, in which quite a number of Americans and others interested in a large plantation, were butchered by them. This vicious character applies more especially to the imported laborers, and not to those more respectable emigrants who have come to these islands to better

their fortunes by honest means, and who were not forced to leave their country for their country's good. This latter class however is not numerous here, California being a better place for the attainment of their objects. Some few Chinese are married to native women, and have families. I went once to an eating house kept by a respectable Chinaman, nearly opposite the Honolulu House; but the dishes set before me were so unlike anything in my previous experience, that I will not undertake to describe them.

The native is not in general much given to manual labor. The climate is genial, and requires but little protection from the weather. A few feet of ground planted with taro, yield subsistence for a year. The sea is generous with fish for his food. There are none of those conditions of soil and climate that compel to continual foresight and exertion. He is mild, affectionate, and amiable in disposition,—at the same time careless and self indulgent. Though intelligent, his ideas of morality as expounded in our theology, seem to be obscure and ill-defined.

The *kanakas* make very good sailors, and large numbers of them have, from time to time, left their homes, in the numerous vessels touching at the islands. The whaling ships which rendezvous here have carried many an adventurous native from his sunny island to the northern whaling grounds, and given him a last resting place beneath the chilly waters of the Arctic, or the Okhotsk.

The natives of these islands, like all Pacific islanders, are naturally expert swimmers. They spend a

great deal of time in the water, bathing very frequently. In front of the town of Honolulu there is an ancient fishing ground, a very wide and shallow nook of the bay, from two to four feet deep, and with a clean, sandy bottom. It furnishes many fish, and a fine bathing place for young or old. Frequently a dozen or more, of both sexes, might be seen in line, with dip-nets or seines, wading after finny spoils. The fish are nearly always eaten raw, or uncooked ; and if the *kanaka* gentleman or lady is hungry, it is a matter of indifference to him or her, whether the fish at hand has departed this life or not. It is a melancholy fact worthy of the serious consideration of Mr. Bergh, that many an innocent denizen of the waters that may have been disporting itself joyously among its fellows at the dawn of day, has, ere the sun was high, yielded up the ghost between the white teeth of some native belle, at her early meal. Besides raw fish, the fermented *taro*, or *poi*, as it is called after being prepared for use, is the adjunct staff of life. The *taro* is a vegetable between a sweet potato and a beet. It is raised in great abundance, with little labor. Pounded up and left to ferment, it is worked into a mess resembling a thick solution of gum arabic and grease, sour and disagreeable to the foreign taste, but I suppose, pleasant to the native palate. On such fare Kamehameha the First lived, conquered, and handed his name down to posterity. I had read of his great deeds, but a smell at a calabash of his favorite *poi* was a sufficient inducement for me *not* to "go and do likewise."

Kamehameha V., whom I saw, does not live altogether on *poi*. He dresses in the European fashion, and uses modern drinks when in Honolulu ; but when at his country residence at Wiakiki, his dress is said



KAMEHAMEHA I.

to consist principally of what nature gave him. *Ava* and the priests of Pele governed the first Kamehameha ; whisky and somebody else are said to govern the last.

I made the acquaintance of the Rev. S. C. Damon, or "Father Damon," as he is known by sailors all over the world. Formerly, I believe, a missionary, he has devoted himself to the best interests of sailors, by all classes of whom he is loved and appreciated. He edits a little monthly called "The Friend," and preaches and practices a benevolence that has made his ministry, like that of "Father Taylor" of Boston, a blessing to those who "go down to sea, in ships." Amid the waste of noble human lives, in unprofitable missionary undertakings, it is pleasant to find, now and then, a few working in fields of benevolence so evidently proper for our first efforts. Before we are successful in converting the heathen, we must make a more creditable exhibition of the effects of our system of theology than they have heretofore been accustomed to see in those who visit their shores; and in order to do that, we ought to do as much for our sailors as we propose to do for the unknown idolaters. It certainly is not inconsistent with the strict principles of our religion and common sense, to do much more than has yet been done for the multitudes of the debased and vicious at our very doors, before we sacrifice our best men to produce, in distant lands, effects that are neutralized at the instant of contact with our own heathenism.

The population of these islands decreases at the rate of several thousands annually. The causes of this are doubtless the vices and diseases communicated by foreigners. At the time of their discovery, the number of the inhabitants was estimated at about

four hundred thousands. Now, there are not sixty thousand. In a climate peculiarly adapted to health and the attainment of a vigorous old age, this fact does not speak well for the morality of the people,— does not indicate the influences that are supposed to be active among a converted and christianized people, after forty years of missionary occupation under government protection. I honor the missionaries of all lands for their good intentions and noble self sacrifices; but it seems that our method is at fault. There must certainly be a better way; and that way may possibly be, to first christianize and educate the worse than heathen within our own borders.

On the 8th of November we took our departure from Honolulu, with fair wind and fine weather.

I left these islands, as well as the others I visited, with a feeling of regret that my stay was necessarily so short that I could not learn more of them by personal observation. There is something peculiarly fascinating about the islands of the Pacific. Their isolation in the wide reaches of the ocean, their beautiful scenery and delightful climate, together with the romantic incidents of their discovery and history, all combine to invest them with interest. These remote parts of the world have been fruitful of themes for romance, and fine writers have woven from their histories a veil of fiction, and tinted it with colors which cast an added glamour of loveliness over scenes and places already beautiful.

The next day after our departure we spoke an American whaling ship that had been a long time at

sea, and was last from the north Pacific. The crew were weak handed from the effects of scurvy, and the wear and tear of long cruising in the high latitudes. Our kindhearted captain cheerfully supplied them with fresh provisions from our abundance. We gave them our latest news, and informed them of the end of the war, which was also news to them. Having thus refreshed and gladdened them, we proceeded on our way.

On the 19th, after a pleasant voyage, we entered San Francisco Bay, late in the evening, eager for news from home and the world from which we had been cut off for nearly four months. Before arriving at the anchorage, we ran aground and stuck fast; but finally, after a short detention, got off, reached our anchorage, and thus completed our long wild-goose chase of over thirteen thousand miles.

CHAPTER XVI.

Voyage down the Coast—La Paz—Pearl Divers—Turtle—Ludicrous Incident—Guaymas—A Narrow Escape—Fruits, Fish &c.,—Pelicans—Mazatlan—Dog's Head Promontory—Water Spouts at Sea—Acapulco again—Shock of an Earthquake at night—The Exiled President—An Artillery Exercise—Sailors' Stratagems to Obtain Spirits—An old Tar's Method of Getting Drunk—H. B. M. Talisman—The Phosphorescent Sea—Back to Mazatlan—Off for Guaymas—Ship a Sea—Return to San Francisco.

OUR next service was a voyage down the coast of Mexico, on which we started one month after returning from Honolulu. This trip introduced us to the Gulf of California, which henceforward became one of our regular cruising stations. We stopped a day or so at Monterey, in California, after which an uneventful voyage of seven days took us to La Paz, a small town on the inside of the peninsula of Lower California, about ninety miles from Cape San Lucas. Passing by Cerralbo and Espiritu Santo Islands, we opened the wide and shallow bay of La Paz and found a channel close to the southeast shore. As we coasted along close to the beach, we could see ravines from the hills and depressions just beyond it, which appeared lower than the waters of the bay on which we floated. We passed by the entrance of Pichelingue Bay, a snug harbor in the neighborhood of La Paz, surrounded by barren, sandy shores, and anchored close to the town. This place has no pretensions to importance, being a

straggling collection of Mexican adobe houses in the vicinity of the old Mission, de La Paz.

Many of the inhabitants are pearl divers, this being a locality where pearl fishing was once actively prosecuted. It is probable that the wealthy Aztecs of Montezuma's time obtained pearls here; and it may be that there are yet many of priceless value scattered about in nooks and corners of these waters. There are many dangers to which the divers are exposed; and they do not, as formerly, venture boldly into the deeper waters, where savage and voracious sharks, and other sea monsters, with wide Cerberean mouths, keep watch and ward over useless treasures. We amused ourselves many an hour watching the dusky natives dive from their small *botas* at no great distance from the ship. Generally their small boats carried two persons, who dived and rested alternately. Standing up in the end of the boat the naked pearl hunter would leap and disappear head foremost, and during the painful interval of absence from the life-giving air, search for and secure the pearl oysters. These were placed in a rude wicker basket suspended from the boat, and kept down with a stone in the bottom. It is seldom now that valuable pearls are found, and a great many shells have not even the defective ones which are most frequent. It is a most laborious work for meager and uncertain returns.

But though valuable pearls were scarce, yet there was plenty of green turtle, fat and fine, a thing of more importance to us. The Mexicans brought them for sale, and for fifty cents we could purchase prizes

that might well excite the envy of the epicures of New York or San Francisco. The natives generally spear them in the back, and after securing them, plug the wound in the shell with a wooden peg. While this remains *in situ* the animal will live, though it does not eat, until it gradually becomes an emaciated skeleton, and finally dies in the course of a week or ten days. On one of our voyages from this place to San Francisco we carried a large number, but very few of them survived to reach that place. Those few, instead of being in good condition, lost nearly half their weight,—nearly all but the shell and bones,—and “the eyes that stood out with fatness” at the start, had sunk and almost disappeared in their bony cavities. They were of various sizes, from a foot to nearly two feet across the shell. Upon the occasion referred to, they were piled up in numbers about the bow and on the guards forward of the wheel houses; and during the voyage, one calm, clear night at sea, a laughable incident occurred. Among the captives in the bow was one sturdy, restless old fellow, of very large size, that had been but slightly wounded; and on this particular night he got out on the deck and started on his travels aft, heading for his native feeding grounds where wooden pegs in the back were not so fashionable. Several sailors were sleeping about the decks, and the turtle, finding his way obstructed, proceeded to climb over them. Having surmounted one of his difficulties, the heavy sleeper, half waking, and feeling the strange incubus on his breast “in foul em-

brace," was terribly frightened before he could get his wits together sufficiently to account for the horrible nightmare. His noise woke up his messmates, who had the laugh on him for a while.

We arrived at La Paz on the 30th of January, and on the 3rd of February proceeded to Guaymas, arriving the next day. Guaymas is a considerable town, 360 miles north of Mazatlan, near the mouth of the Yaqui river, and port of the Mexican state of Sonora, a rich mineral province on the east side of the Gulf.

We anchored near some barren islands, off the town. The French armed ship "Le Rhin" lay close in shore, I suppose to support the authority of Maximilian, whose adherents held the place for a time.

During our stay we practiced sending down all yards. One morning while preparing for this exercise, I was sitting on the comb of the fore hatch which was open to the hold, and under an immense gear-tackle block triced up in the fore rigging, to be used in lowering the fore yard. A sailor carelessly unfastened it, and not being able to hold it, yelled to me, and let go. I looked up, saw the block descending, and dodged the same instant. It grazed my arm and struck exactly where I had been sitting. A second later and I might have been mangled and lifeless at the bottom of the hold. Such an escape from apparently inevitable death is calculated to impress any one, as it did me, with a deep sense of the uncertainty of life, and with gratitude for the signal care of a kind Providence.

Tropical fruits were plentiful here, and oysters of fair quality could be obtained from places in the neighborhood. But fish of all kinds were most abundant. They swarmed around the ship in shoals, and numerous pelicans subsisted in luxury upon their easily captured prey. It was interesting to watch the habits of feeding of these birds. The uncouth creature would drop down head foremost with open mouth upon a shoal, takes in about a gallon of water and small fish, and after straining out the water between its mandibles, throw up its head and swallow the contents of its capacious net.

On the 21st of February we left Guaymas and arrived at Mazatlan on the 24th. Found the French frigate *Victoire* and gunboats here. Maximilian's adherents were in possession of the place, and Gen. Corona in the vicinity trying to make things uncomfortable for them.

Mazatlan is a large city, for a Mexican port, though the harbor is exposed and poor. At the left hand side of the entrance there is a promontory which from our anchorage had the exact appearance of a huge dog's head rising above the water, and looking seaward. From Mazatlan we sailed for Acapulco, touching at San Blas and Manzanillo on the way.

On the day of leaving Manzanillo, well out to sea, we saw a fine waterspout,—a genuine affair. On another occasion we witnessed quite a number at once in all stages of formation or breaking, about two miles from us. It was a grand and glorious specta-

cle, but evanescent. I wished for an artist's pencil, with an artist's head and hand, but felt that no human power could represent faithfully on canvas, the magnificence of the view. The ocean was calm near us, but troubled and turbulent around and between the revolving liquid columns that seemed to support the dense black clouds above them.

March 3rd.—At Acapulco again. Some of the sailors had been singing

“O, carry me back to Acapulco again,”

and now the anchor is down for a stay. The days are hot, but the nights pleasant. We have a sea breeze coming through a notch in the hills to the left of the town, preserving us from the miasma so fatal to the Frenchmen over in the vicinity of the flat ground beyond the fort. We swing back and forth with the tide. The mail steamers come and go. Our fat negress, with a black imp to row her, comes off regularly, with the same assortment of tropical fruits to sell. She carries the same umbrella over her, to keep the hot solar rays from concentrating too severely on the top of her oily head, or in her coal black skin. Her complexion is safe enough.

The imperialists hold the place, supported by the French gunboats. General Alvaredo's flag, just discernable, floats on the mountains in the distance.

March 5th—Last night I had the middle watch. The bay was still in the starlight. I was leaning on a gun carriage, looking out upon the water through the port, and listening to the sound of distant firing in the direction of the cocoa-palm grove. Some of

Alvaredo's soldiers were probably stirring up the pickets of the Imperialists. All else was calm and quiet. Suddenly I felt a shock that made every timber of the ship tremble. It gave me the impression of striking violently on a rock, though I knew our anchor was many fathoms deep. A thousand fishes leaped frightened from the water, and then all was quiet again. I waited for another shock but it did not come. My first earthquake was over.

We had a shock at another time in the early morning, but I was fast asleep in my hammock and knew nothing of it, until informed at breakfast by some of my messmates who had been up.

During our stay a small Peruvian brig, named, I think, the "Guacho," came in and anchored. What her business was we could not make out. It was said she carried Castillo, the deposed and banished President of Peru, and that he wandered an exile in this vessel about the peaceful Pacific. Whether this was true or not, I can not say. I know it was not long before a revolution upset the Perez government, and again placed Castillo, the popular favorite, at the head of the nation.

The monotony of life was broken by the frequent arrival of the mail and opposition steamers, which regularly here stopped to coal. Sometimes parties of Alvaredo's soldiers, on these occasions, would make a dash into the town for the news. Once, the steamer having arrived in the night, early in the morning a party of them appeared on an old earthwork on the top of a hill, back of the town. Supposing them-

selves out of range, they stood in bold relief against the sky, looking down on the town and harbor, some on foot holding their horses, and others mounted, A French gunboat not far from us, manned a battery and opened on them with long range guns in quick succession. The first shot went over their heads, a little too high; the next was a little too low; but the third was most admirably aimed, and raked their position. They evacuated the place and tumbled down out of sight with a celerity that was more amusing than graceful.

Occasionally the men were allowed to go ashore "on liberty," as it is called. This, with the majority, means a debauch. Sailors are often of drunken and dissolute habits, and especially is this true of men-of-war's men. There are aboard every ship which carries so large a crew, a great many whose ruling passion is a craving for intoxicating drinks, and who indulge their unfortunate appetite at every opportunity. It seems incredible the risks they will run in order to obtain liquor. Every ingenuity is practiced to smuggle it aboard, contrary to the ship's rules and regulations, by the men attached to the boats. So inordinate is the desire for it, that at times it becomes the duty of the master at arms to examine every sailor attached to a boat, on returning from shore. He often finds it ingeniously secreted about the person, or in the boat; and then the punishment is double iron handcuffs and confinement on "bread and water." I have known it to be tied under the boat, in flexible skins, carried in cocoanuts, or cans of milk with false bottoms.

On going ashore "on liberty," about the first business an old tar sets about is to get effectually drunk. This being accomplished after a longer or shorter cruise among the drinking houses, according to his habits, he often finishes up by going into a heavy drunken sleep, it may be in a barroom, on the sidewalk, or in the gutter, as chance directs. At such times he is not particular. When he wakes, if his time on shore is up, he takes another drink to steady his nerves before he goes aboard. On such a spree he usually manages to spend whatever money he may happen to have, be it much or little. If he has any left it is an oversight, either on his part, or on the part of the land-sharks by whom he is surrounded. Some old tars, though thus addicted to drink, take a pride in conducting themselves so as to render punishment unnecessary, and come on board in a condition to behave themselves. But there is another class of men with vitality too small to ever become genuine sailors. The same appetite for spirits possesses them, but its effect is to half craze and temporarily dement them. These are the wild, hair-brained, dissolute dogs who never had, or can have any degree of self control. Some of them seem to be totally devoid of the possibility of human development. A number of them together on a "liberty day" make a young pandemonium. They come, or are brought aboard, noisy and obstreperous, and the "brig," or place of confinement, is often well filled up with them.

An adventure with some of the latter class will

give an idea of scenes not uncommon. Having been ashore with a messmate all day, we were returning aboard about sunset, in one of the cutters. The boats crew had made frequent trips during the day and all hands were tolerably drunk. The cutter was loaded down with crazy, drunken firemen, coal heavers and others who had been ashore. They were raving and pitching about, tumbling over the thwarts, singing, yelling, and fighting promiscuously. The coxswain was so drunk that he could hardly manage the rudder ; and, steering wild, he run us fast on a rock which was covered by high tide. This increased the confusion. Several, with drunken recklessness, partly stripped and threw their caps and other articles of clothing overboard to the sharks that swam about us. They then made an attempt to reach the stern sheets, where S. and myself sat, the only sober men aboard. I was the temporary object of their fury and as they proposed to throw me overboard, a general *melee* ensued. Our position being a good one there was very little danger of their success. In the tumult, however, the boat was canted over so much that we were nearly capsized. At this moment another cutter put off from the ship to our assistance. Fortunately, we got off the rock before it reached us, and order being partially restored, the men pulled for the ship. Once afloat, S. and myself were masters of the situation, and feared neither sharks nor drunken men. One of the firemen now attempted to jump overboard, but was caught and pulled down between the thwarts by a heavy sailor, almost as drunk

as himself, who sat on him for the rest of the way. Arrived on board, the worst cases were transferred to the "brig," in double irons. We made no report whatever, and those who had been the most outrageous, seemed when sober, to have little or no recollection of what had transpired.

April 7th—Acapulco is just now fading from view, as for the third time we take our departure. The men are busy securing guns, boats, and anchors for sea. The French gunboat *Talisman*, is in sight, making seaward, having left her anchorage a few minutes in advance of us. She ports her helm for the south while we are going up. They say she has not been farther south than Acapulco for years; and doubtless her sailors are now happy with new hopes of soon returning to "the pleasant land of France." We leave the Imperial flag floating over the old Castillo that long years ago protected the treasures of the Manila galleons; and hope when we return, to see the flag of the Republic in its place and General Alvarado holding forth in the Calle de Mejico.

April 8th.—The sea is surging up with a long, smooth swell. The water is very phosphorescent. Last night I watched the fishes darting from the bows, like myriads of shooting stars. Sometimes a large fish, disturbed by our approach, would rush through the water, leaving a trail of light like the sudden flash of a meteor.

April 9th, Monday.—Calm weather and a smooth sea.

April 11th.—Arrive at Mazatlan in the afternoon.

The French frigate *Victoire* and gunboats still here. The town is besieged by the Liberal General Corona. We are informed of a battle which took place eight days ago between the forces under his command and the Imperialists. Both sides claim the victory. The Captain finds plenty to do looking after American interests. An American in prison, and a vessel seized by the authorities, indicate that our affairs need attention. There seems to be a close sympathy between the Imperialists here and our rebels at home. A small paper, published here, is as bitter against the "so-called Government of the United States" as disloyalty could desire.

April 17th.—Off for Guaymas.

April 19th.—Since yesterday, very rough weather. We are running before the wind, out of our course. This morning we shipped a sea so large, that it swept everything aft. Those who happened to be on the forecastle were deluged but our high bulwarks prevented any one being washed overboard. In the evening the weather became calmer, and we kept on our course.

April 20th.—Weather clear and sea quiet. Arrive at Guaymas and find "*Le Rhin*" still in port. From our anchorage the town has a deserted appearance. It sleeps among the barren hills, which are too poor to afford a dress of green to cover their nakedness. Even war can scarcely wake it up, in order to find life to destroy. The lazy pelicans show the only signs of industry, seining and gulping down the fish that crowd in shoals to the surface of the

water, as if to be eaten and so save the trouble of living. The spirit of indolence reigns all along these shores.

For about ten days we practiced artillery exercises, fished and gathered oysters. Some of the officers explored about the Yaqui for coal, with little success.

Early in May we left for San Francisco, and arrived after an uneventful voyage of twelve or thirteen hundred miles.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Mutiny—Off to Sea—Seasick in a Gale—The Mouth of the Columbia River—Port Angelos—A Tragedy at Seattle—Olympia—Drink of Kerosene Oil—Scenery of the Sound—The "Noble Red Man"—Matrimonial—Nanaimo, V. I.—Bellingham Bay—Solitude—Return.



ON our return from the Gulf of California, we went as usual to Mare Island, remaining there for a fortnight.

On the second of June we left for a cruise up the coast and to Puget's Sound. Running down to San Francisco, we had scarcely dropped anchor off the city, before an armed boat's crew were sent off to quell a mutiny aboard the Seminole, a merchant vessel at anchor near us. Her colors were up with the union down, and a flag was displayed in the main rigging, indicating lively times aboard. One of our boats was manned by the men, who eagerly rushed over the side, and was off before I had time to get on deck. On reaching the vessel the affair was over. The officers and crew of the Seminole had been having a free fight with sheath-knives and belaying pins. The three officers were badly cut up with the knives in the hands of the sailors. Our officer took command, sent two sailors ashore in irons, and the wounded men, covered with blood, to our vessel. After the surgeon had dressed their wounds they were sent ashore. I heard that the second mate died the next morning.

On the 5th we went to sea. The forts and Presidio were passed in review, and then the familiar Golden Gate, that landmark of so many memories, sank down in the sea behind us.

Proceeding up the coast we met with heavy weather, which increased to something like a gale. Being on duty in the first watch at night, the pitching and rolling of the vessel in the darkness made me intensely sea sick. I had often felt a slight nausea, but was never before so completely demoralized. Across a rope rack—literally “on the rack”—I sprawled, sublimely indifferent to all possible events of the storm around, and totally absorbed by the storm within. For the time being I felt no interest in any other object or event, past, present, or future, and could have met death without fear or concern. If ever it should be my fate to perish at sea, I should wish to be as sea sick at the time as I was then. When the wrathful ocean shakes his victim ere he swallows him up, there is produced in a great degree, that absence of fear which Dr. Livingstone describes as his experience when in the jaws of the fierce African lion.

In a few days we were off the mouth of the Columbia river, the proximity of which was made manifest by the sudden change of color in the water. As we ran into the muddy waters, drained from the vast valley of this mighty river, the boundry line between the turbid and the clear was remarkably well defined and distinct.

Making our way into the Straits of San Juan de

Fuca, we dropped anchor in front of Port Angeles. Here the forests of pine, and the snow in the distance on the elevated ranges gave the landscape a cheerless and dismal look.

We spent a month in Puget's Sound, and around Vancouver's Island, visiting in succession Port Townsend, Seattle, Steilacoom and Olympia, the capital of the territory. The first named place, and indeed the whole sound, is noted for its lumber trade. Vast quantities of excellent lumber are exported.

While at Seattle one of our sailors, a Peruvian, was killed in a brawl on shore. We captured the murderer and took him to Steilacoom, where the authorities carelessly permitted him to escape.

At Olympia we had an interchange of civilities with the territorial officials, and numerous visitors came off to us. One day a large party came in a small steamer which, during their stay, was made fast along side. Some of the sailors exploring it in search of their favorite beverage, whiskey, came across a can of kerosene oil in the engine room. Not being familiar with that article, the first one—a sprightly young Irishman—seized it with delight, and scarcely losing time to smell it, applied it to his lips at an elevation alarming to his thirsty companions who watched the process. After waiting what was considered a reasonable time, sailor number two impatiently snatched it, and without delay continued the process in the same manner. This gave number one a chance to taste the oleaginous fluid, and immediately he did so, a change came over his counte-

nance which struck his comrades who were waiting their turn. He was confounded. An expression of mingled astonishment and horror sat on his visage. Could it be poison? He rushed excitedly on deck, followed by his messmates in search of the surgeon, for relief from the draught that so strangely oppressed his digestive organs, unlike the whiskey from his own Emerald Isle. The consequences proved not very serious, but all hands enjoyed the joke so immensely, and reminded him of it so often, that I am satisfied he will for the rest of his life be cautious about drinking whiskey out of a tin can.

From Olympia we were piloted a devious course back to Port Townsend. The weather was glorious. The climate at this season of the year is certainly all that could be desired. The scenery at times, among the islands and head-lands is most beautiful. Imagine a summer sea with green wooded islands; here and there a white sail flying over the quiet water and disturbing the inverted images of the trees mirrored along the shores; the stealthy Indian in his narrow, light canoe gliding out of sight behind some jutting point, as if he had vanished into the deeper shadow of the land; a clear atmosphere, enlarging the range of vision; and Mt. Ranier, blank, white, piled up against the deep blue sky, on the horizon: Imagine all this, and paint your picture with the infinite gradations of Nature's changing colors, and then visit the Sound at your leisure, and you will find that your imagination has done but faint justice to its beauties. It is certainly a most delightful re-

gion for a summer ramble, and must in time become a favorite place of resort.

Indians in considerable numbers are still residents around Puget's Sound. I had expected to see the "noble red man" in his full glory, but instead found squalid, filthy, and dejected looking specimens of humanity in wretched hovels and dirty lodges. Their subsistence is mostly fish and clams; and their leading object in life appears to be the possession of a bottle of "Boston fire water," otherwise bad whiskey.

The chief of the Indians in the vicinity of Port Townsend is a heavy set, good-natured, middle-aged, whiskey-loving native, known among the settlers as the "Duke of York," his Indian name being unpronounceable. His daughter, a slatternly, swarthy female, is called the Princess Victoria. The old Duke often dilated to me upon her domestic qualities, and strongly recommended an intimate acquaintance; but a view of her ladyship in perspective was quite sufficient, and put an end to any rising aspirations for a princely alliance. I could not inform the chief that his princess was a disgustingly dirty specimen of royalty, for by so doing I should have done violence to his feelings by too suddenly dissipating his fond dreams of "fire water." So the Duke and I exchanged photographs and remained friends, and the Princess Victoria probably graces some red man's wigwam, and provides her own fish and clams.

If all Indians are like these, then I am positive the romances about the "noble sons of the forest" must have originated with those for whom distance and ignorance "lend enchantment to the view."

Louis, our interpreter, the Walker fillibuster and Cariboo miner, thinks otherwise. He is warm in his praises of Indian chiefs as fathers-in-law. He relates that when he wintered in the wilds of Cariboo, hundreds of miles from civilized settlements, it was necessary to enter into matrimonial relations. The chief being informed of this domestic inclination, forthwith ordered a blanket dress parade of the girls of the tribe. One being selected, he paid so many blankets to the chief and took his dusky bride to his home. He avers that it was the custom when a wife did not please her lord, to take her back to the chief and make him "trade back," or furnish another; and that squaws being in excess of the demand, and blankets scarce, the latter alternative was mostly preferred. Often the pale-faces took advantage of this preference of the "noble red man" to procure a new wife every few weeks.

From this place we ran to Nanaimo, on the northeast coast of Vancouver's Island. The harbor of this new settlement is so little known that in our attempt to enter without a pilot, we ran fast aground. Various expedients were resorted to in order to get clear, such as backing with the engines and running the heavy guns aft. After a considerable time we succeeded, and carefully feeling our way by sounding came to anchor after dark.

Daylight next morning revealed a small village with a back-ground of primeval forest. A few years ago this locality was a part of *terra incognita*, hidden in the wilderness, which clothes the hills and

shores of this island. Now a brisk village gives promise of progress and prosperity. This change, or rather beginning of a change, is due to the discovery of coal in the vicinity.

Indians came off to us with game of various kinds, including venison, which was very plentiful and cheap.

After two days sojourn in this wild place we ran down to Bellingham Bay and remained two days there. This is a quiet nook of the Sound which penetrates the forest on the east side and just south of the boundary line. No habitations were in sight, and no sounds of human activity to be heard breaking the oppressive silence of this solitude of nature. How profound is the quiet in these remote corners of our northwestern wilderness! How it impresses one, as if silence were intensified by time! No wonder the Indian is taciturn. The characteristics of his dwelling place for many generations have stamped themselves upon his mind and insensibly become incorporated with his nature. The silence of such solitudes as these, disturbed only at intervals by storm or tempest, or the falling tree borne down by the weight of its centuries, must impress the soul of the race that inhabits them.

This is truly retirement from the world. Let that sensitive mortal who is disgusted with his fellow-man and tired of all his ways, here seek a retreat and a cure of his abnormal fancies.

Leaving Bellingham Bay we touched at Port Angeles, and on the 12th departed for San Francisco.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Cruise in the Gulf of California—Sea Gulls—Artillery Fight, &c.

AFTER five or six weeks we again put to sea for a cruise in the Gulf of California. Our run to Cape San Lucus was without incident. Now and then a whale appeared; the porpoises tumbled as usual and ran races with the bowsprit; the flying fish flashed over the surface of the smooth blue sea; the medusæ, those wonderful opaline masses of living, transparent jelly, surrounded us in fleets; and the gulls on restless wings hovered around to secure any articles of castaway food. What a life these sea gulls have, and what powers of flight! Once during a voyage on a mail steamer, I noticed one particularly that had evidently been crippled by some former voyager. It flew with one leg dangling, a sure mark for its identification. It appeared at dawn of day among its fellows, circling around the vessel; and all day long until nightfall it accompanied us, now flying forward, now aft, and up and down in endless evolutions wearying to the eye. While the steamer made close upon one hundred and fifty miles, that maimed bird must have traversed more than three times that distance, or nearly five hundred miles. Nearly five hundred miles from dawn till dusk, to procure its daily food! If this gull with a dangling limb could do this with such apparent ease and satisfaction to

itself, what tremendous distances may be made by a sound and whole one! Doubtless they often make six hundred miles in a day in search of food; and perhaps even then it may frequently happen that they retire hungry to sleep on the water, to be drifted by the winds and rocked by the waves.

We arrived at Mazatlan and found the place closely besieged by General Corona and his advanced batteries playing on the Imperial forces at intervals. When we left the next morning, a lively artillery practice was going on between their outworks.

We proceeded to Guaymas and remained several days. While lying at anchor among the islands of the bay, we were one night assailed by a most violent storm. We were anchored as usual, not expecting such an onslaught of wind, rain, thunder and lightning. The night was very dark; so dark that it was scarcely possible to see three rods from the vessel, and the wind and rain so violent as to render ships' lights of little use. The gale came on suddenly before midnight, and under its increasing fury we were soon dragging our anchor on shore. Another was let go, but still we drifted rapidly until steam enough was got up to aid in keeping off. It was a wild night. The fierce war of the elements in the darkness, illumined from time to time by blinding flashes of lightning, was very grand and exhilarating. The wind wailed and shrieked through the rigging in a mingling of different tones. The top hamper of a vessel in a storm makes most melancholy music unknown on shore. The thunder crashed, roared, rumbled and reverberated down the Gulf as if the genii of storms

were playing football with the mountains. The detonations, with the shock of sound, seemed to shake the very foundations of the earth. As the night wore on, the storm having spent its fury abated, and the sea, covered with foam from the violence of the conflict, subsided. The dawn of day revealed the high rocky island towards which we had been driven, in close and dangerous proximity. Having steam on, we got up the anchors and put to sea.

Returning to Mazatlan and finding nothing new in the situation of affairs, we ran across the Gulf to La Paz and Pichilingue Bay, a secluded harbor and nook of La Paz Bay, surrounded by cactus covered sand hills. It is used as a place of deposit for coal for the vessels in these waters. Here we remained in seclusion and retirement for a month, shut off from the rest of the world, while brawls and butcheries big with the fate of the so-called Empire, took place throughout the land.

In this out of the way place with desert shores and without a human habitation in sight, we amused ourselves boating on the quiet bay, or in rambles ashore. On the clean sand beach, we bathed in the limpid waves, ran races, and played ball or "leap-frog." The glorious climate and pure atmosphere made out door life a pleasure. Sometimes we took off our shoes and walked out on the white salt flat in the lagoon to the edge of the water, or marked off rings for school-boy games. Sometimes we ranged ourselves in line, and by throwing stones battered down huge and tall specimens of cactus.

The bay was full of fish, and populous with sea

birds. The latter had here an almost undisturbed community of their own. The pelicans were the aristocrats who with little exertion fattened on the spoils of the deep, while the commonplace gulls, the lower orders, from dawn until dark industriously sought their scant livelihood, and lived on fare^d disdained by their lazy lords.

Leaving this ocean hermitage, we ran across to Mazatlan, and thence, after a few days, up to Guaymas again. Here the month of November was passed in this delightful climate. With a monotony of blue skies, calm seas, and brilliant star light nights, December glided away as we loitered down between Espiritu Santo and Cerralbo Islands and the mainland, to La Paz, and again back to Mazatlan across the Gulf. The more-than-June loveliness of this tropical December, beguiled us of our sailor discontent, and we ate, sang, danced, and slept in peace and harmony, under the benignant skies, where no chilly breath of the frost king ever disturbs the soft, refreshing breezes.

Storms of thunder and lightning were frequent. Here the electric flashes seemed more constant and vivid than I have ever seen them anywhere else. At times the "St. Elmo's fire" played about the rigging, presenting at night a strange and singular appearance; and at such times the disturbed and phosphorescent sea, lit up by the red glare of the almost continual blaze of electricity, seemed like a vast lake of fire. The Gulf of California is the home of thunder-storms, the store house of the artillery of Jupiter, of which the ancients sang. These storms may

possibly conduce to the remarkable purity and healthfulness of the atmosphere.

The climate of the Gulf and of Lower California is most enjoyable. It is the boon that over-balances the disadvantages of a sterile soil and cactus-covered plains. The salt water gives strength to those who love the bath, and the pure atmosphere is charged with electricity, that element of power and action in this arena of nature's pyrotechnics.

Upon returning to San Francisco our vessel became the flagship of Admiral H. K. Thatcher, and we for a time assumed all the dignity and honor of that position.

While lying off the city, the Cyane came in from Panama, infected with yellow fever, having lost a large proportion of her crew. The survivors were, most of them sick, and numbers were dying every day. Inquiring after acquaintances aboard, I learned that nearly every one I knew, was dead. The most robust and vigorous seemed to be the favorite victims of the scourge, and several whom I remembered as pictures of strength and health, were reported to have died in a few hours after their attack. Such a state of affairs aboard a sailing ship at sea is sad and terrible for the crew who, confined in narrow quarters with their sick and dying, must carry on their watches and other ship's duty, while they fly, or creep, at the will of the winds for weeks to reach a port of succor.

The Cyane was quarantined; but the fever not abating, she was sent on a voyage to Sitka, in order to freeze it out, which was happily accomplished.

CHAPTER XIX.

Monterey—Whale Fishing in the Bay—A Dance on the Quarter-deck—
"Breakdown" at Sea—French Fleet at Mazatlan—Our Snarleyow—He
greets an Admiral—Visit of Gen. Martinez—Down to Acapulco.



Went to sea again in March, carrying the flag of Admiral H. K. Thatcher. After passing the Golden Gate our prow was once more turned southward, to traverse again the long reach of ocean to Cape San Lucas, over which we had gone so often.

A day from San Francisco brought us to Monterey, which was formerly the capital of California, in the days of Spanish and Mexican rule, and noted later, as being the scene of many important events in the history of the State. The situation is fine, on a beautiful bay between Point Pinos on the south and Point Ano Nuevo on the north. The Presidio, with its tall flag-staff, the low white houses, and the mission building in the distance, present, I suppose, pretty much the same appearance as formerly, making allowance of course for departed advantages and the wear and tear of time. The discovery of gold in other parts of California must have been a heavy stroke to Monterey; but she does not seem to take it much to heart, as she sits there smiling a welcome to her placid harbor, as if all fortunes were the same. Many a town in our northern, or eastern States, with

the same disappointments, would have moped and put on the mourning badges of dilapidated streets and deserted houses. But not so here. Perhaps there is in the climate—which it is said Italy does not surpass—something that soothes the unfortunate into even contentment, while other less genial climes wear and worry the victims of calamity.

We noticed the works for trying out whale oil, not far from the Presidio. When the whales come on the coast, as they are in the habit of doing in the spring of the year, they are captured by boats, towed close in shore at high tide, and cut up while the tide is out, which leaves them on the beach. At high water again, what is left of the carcass is towed off Point Pinos and left to the mercy of the waves. Sometimes several whales are on hands at once, and the business brisk as we observed. The smell of the dead whales was very offensive, even at a considerable distance, giving us a faint idea of what whalemen must endure aboard their ships.

Before we left Monterey a number of ladies and gentlemen from the town came aboard, and a dance was had on the quarter deck. As flagship we had a good band of musicians, and they furnished the music. I noticed that all our visitors from shore, of both sexes, had good complexions, were fresh, buoyant, and overflowing with the life and animation they breathe from their wholesome atmosphere.

Leaving Monterey and proceeding on our way, we had fine weather and a quiet sea. The daily and nightly performances of our band enlivened the

trip. A string band was organized, and dancing lessons were every evening given on the forecastle. The decks were illuminated for the performances; and the sailors took part in these proceedings with such enthusiasm, that the lessons degenerated into grand routs of obstreperous gaiety. The rules of the graceful art were interpreted by each one according to his own individual and national predilections. The combinations of Virginia "break downs," club dances, fandangos, boleros, schottishes, waltzes, &c., that were extemporized during this cruise, must have required energy and exertion more than sufficient to sail and work a man-of-war for a year.

Ten days after leaving Monterey we arrived at Mazatlan. The Victoire flagship of the French Admiral and a small fleet under his command were here. The state of affairs between the forces in the town and the Liberals in the vicinity, was pretty much the same as during our last visit. The Frenchmen were busy with boats and diving apparatus, off the Dog's head promontory, getting up from the bottom, articles from one of their vessels which had been wrecked and sunk there some time previously.

The French Admiral came aboard one day, to pay his respects in the cabin. What grave matters of state were discussed there between the two war-worn veterans, I do not know. An incident of his visit however I remember, which may be related as an instance of French politeness. Some time previously one of the men had somewhere found a poor, ill-

shaped, distressed looking cur that might have sat or stood for the portrait of Maryatt's Snarleyow. He certainly had all the characteristics of poverty, famine and dejection. Kicked and cuffed by gruff sailors and boatswains' mates, he led a chequered life aboard; and though always on the lookout for a kind word from any one, he was generally sadly disappointed. He was so mangy and unkempt generally, that his presence on the quarter-deck would have been considered a sort of desecration; and he was kept well forward on the fore-castle by his owner. When the French Admiral came up the side, Snarleyow happened to be loafing unnoticed near the gang-way. Perhaps he had mistaken the shrill call of the boatswain's whistle for the side boys, as an urgent request for his presence. The little, dried up, one-legged Admiral stumped aboard in fine spirits. In a cheery voice he greeted the Captain and officers, who waited to conduct him in state to the cabin. He noticed everything, and was practicing his English with great satisfaction when the dog, attracted perhaps by the pleasant tones of his voice, rushed up to him with every demonstration of delight and affection, utterly regardless of those dignified ceremonies required in greeting so honorable a personage. The Admiral, possibly thinking this affectionate creature was the Captain's favorite canine, stooped down and patted him on the head. "Fine dog!" said he, "fine dog, zis! Capitaine, is he your propri-e-tay?" There was a smile fore and aft, but broadest in the fore-castle.

After tarrying two days in the harbor of Mazatlan, we left and went to Guaymas for a brief stay. While here Gen. Martinez with a large staff of officers, and a brass band, came aboard on a visit of ceremony. In conversation with one of these redoubtable warriors, I was given to understand that this general was *muy valoroso*, that he had waded through many battles and conflicts to his present eminence and renown, and that he had in him the *materiel* for two or three Washingtons, besides several Napoleons and Wellingtons to boot. He had slaughtered a prodigious number of Imperialists in the field, and started an indefinite number of grave-yards for the benefit of executed *traidores*, not to speak of daring deeds too numerous to mention besides. However that may be, Martinez was a fine looking officer of medium size, with agreeable and dignified manners. His figure and bearing indicated the energy and superiority, which made him a leader among these fiery, untamed, and peculiar specimens of humanity.

Shaping our course southward, we again visited La Paz and Mazatlan, and touched at San Blas on our way along the coast. In a few days the white sand beach below Chequetan betokened the vicinity of the land-locked harbor of Acapulco, and soon we steamed up to our old anchorage, after an absence of thirteen months. It seemed like coming home, to see again the familiar objects around us. There were the hills and the signal stations, the cocoa-palm grove and the whitewashed *adobe* houses of the sleepy town, just as we had left them. There was the ruined

church tower, marking the spot where the cotemporaries of Las Casas performed their devotions. The old Castillo de Santiago still sat in sad dilapidation, in the same commanding position from which for more than a century it has looked out sea-ward, as if watching for the return of the gorgeous galleons of Manilla that have passed away with their golden freight, like the hopes of youth, forever.

CHAPTER XX.

First Lesson in Mexican Military Discipline—Visit to the Castillo de Santiago—Reflections—Second Lesson in Military Discipline.

THE next day after our arrival I went ashore. I passed along the streets so populous with shopmen, traders and citizens during our first visit, and found them now deserted. The contrast of the present desolation with former prosperity was everywhere apparent. I looked into the *tiendas* and instead of picturesque life and activity saw bare counters and empty shelves. The houses of the better class were stripped of everything and, where not occupied by the reckless soldiery, tenantless. In the suburbs the houses had been demolished to render the defense easier and assaults more difficult. Barricades and rude earthworks were thrown up in various places. Picket lines and sentries guarded the outposts.

Provisions of every kind were scarce and high priced. The Imperialist forces occupying the town, and the few remaining inhabitants, obtained their supplies principally from other places by way of the sea.

I visited the quarters of several of the detachments of troops in the town and afterward the castle. The men not on duty were sleeping, gambling, or loafing about with the indolence which characterizes the half

Indian native. Their appearance was slovenly, and their arms and accoutrements neglected. They have not energy and endurance enough to make good soldiers. If no better soldiers than these were employed in the defense of Mexico under Santa Anna, Scott and Taylor gained their glory cheaply. They are certainly not the kind of men that Hernan Cortez led against the Aztec hordes of Montezuma.

The Castillo de Santiago, in its commanding position, with its high walls and deep moat, its old fashioned battlements and antiquated arched entrance way, reminded me of the descriptions I had read of feudal castles. Certainly the spirit of the Dark Ages must have rested upon the builders whom the pursuit of wealth had led to these far confines of the Aztec empire.

I was stopped at the entrance by a sentry who curtly informed me that I could not pass.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Orders are positive," he replied. "Nobody is allowed."

"Call the Corporal of the Guard."

The *cabo de guardia* was called and with no better result. The written orders could not be disobeyed.

"Call the Sergeant of the Guard."

The corporal went up to a hammock swinging under the archway and conferred with its occupant. The sleepy sergeant, not very well pleased at being disturbed in his *siesta*, seemed disposed to order me away as an impertinent *Americano*.

"Call the Officer of the Guard."

This was too much. At the least it would have required him to leave his hammock. So, rather than undertake so great an exertion, he muttered "*Pasese*," and turned over for another sleep. I passed, with a new lesson in military discipline. During all my stay, I was followed and closely watched by a nimble youth in uniform, who would not enter into conversation or inform me of the nature of his duties.

The interior of the Castillo was interesting. The whole appears to have been constructed after an antiquated model. Opening on the central space, or parade ground, are spacious, vault-like apartments in the solid masonry. In these perhaps at times were stored the treasures that awaited or were received from the annual Manilla Galleon. *Debris* and dirt were plentifully distributed on every hand; and there was a pervading musty smell that suggested the bone dust of the men who had last cleaned off the floors and ground.

I ascended to the upper part and had a fine view of the town, the harbor, the cocoa-palm grove and the rugged, green-clad hills beyond. What a place this would be to idle away the hour of sunset! Here, added to the beauties of nature, are the unobtrusive associations of the past. Within these walls the *hidalgoes* of a past *regime* paraded their men and performed their duties. From these same battlements the soldiers of a once glorious nation watched seaward for such foemen as Lord Anson and his countrymen. While the American colonies, in their infancy, were struggling for existence in the wild re-

gions of the north, the banner of Santiago, from these walls, flouted the warm breezes of this sunny clime, in the pride and glory of rich conquests among the descendants of those same Aztecs, who, ages before had migrated from the less genial regions of Aztalan. Montezuma and his faithful subjects were no more, and oblivion with shadows deeper than night had even then almost veiled their romantic history. And now that same oblivion, as if in recompense, is beginning to wrap in misty forgetfulness, the deeds of those who in the name of religion so ruthlessly effaced from the records of time the history of a people whose polity and civilization were the unique production of ages.

After leaving the fort, and while prowling about in sailor style in search of adventures, it occurred to me to attempt a visit to the cocoa-palm grove on the neutral ground beyond the lines. By some slight maneuvering I passed the sentries at the barricades, and flattered myself I could easily pass the outposts and then not only visit the grove but also the Liberal camp. I was progressing so well that I began to think I was already clear of the lines, when unexpectedly, I encountered one of the pickets. He challenged me savagely, and brought his piece to a threatening position. He was an ill-looking, half Indian wretch, whose only uniform consisted of a straw hat and a pair of cotton trowsers, with the image of some saint or other hanging from his neck upon his naked breast. He intimated that I had already gone too far for my own health and personal

safety. I tried cajolery, but the charms of my defective Spanish had no effect on this wild *militar*. Generally I could manage the sentries, but here was one who managed me. He positively refused to allow me to go on, or go back. I was captured. The officer of the guard was called and came with a file of soldiers, the counterparts of my captor. This was unpleasant, as I was alone, some distance from the town, close upon the neutral ground, and taken in the act of attempting to pass out. Besides, the soldiers of Maximilian evinced little cordiality for *Los Americanos*, and their officers for good reasons still less. I did not know, but that they might consider it proper for the safety and well-being of the empire, to take me out and stand me up blindfolded for a target, as proceedings more summary than that were common enough. This and other comforting reflections occupied my mind during the time it took to relieve the picket and turn over their orders. I was then, under guard, escorted back within the lines, where I was not detained. Had I been in citizens dress, and far enough from the stars and stripes, I should not have escaped so easily. So ended my second lesson in Mexican military discipline.

CHAPTER XXI.

Down the Coast—Gulf of Fonseca—Volcano of Coseguina—La Union—Visit of General Alejandro Cabrero and Priests—San Juan del Sur—Louis and his Filibustering with Walker—Punta Arenas—Panama again—Yellow Fever and Cholera—On Shore—Various places in the Town—"Dug Out" Voyagers from the Southward—Old Walls—Off for Realaje Return Voyage

FIVE days of steam and sail from Acapulco brought us to the entrance of the Gulf of Fonseca. A long line of volcanoes, active and extinct, verge upon the Pacific coast of Central America, and here, between these two called Conchagua and Coseguina, the sea breaks through the line with a lovely sheet of water to explore the fertile and beautiful country beyond. In vain has the terrible Coseguina at different times, as if enraged at such presumption, vomited forth deluges of ashes and lava to drive back the intruding sea. Her futile efforts have only resulted in plagues and desolation to man, and exhaustion to herself; for the placid waters, as they daily ebb and flow, gaily taunt the collapsed mountain with sunny smiling ripples.

We dropped anchor at the foot of the cone-shaped mountain Conchagua, which stands on the left hand side of the entrance. The towering mass reared its lofty peak above us, sublimely indifferent to our insignificant barque, and made us feel still smaller by the comparison.

The next day after coming to anchor off the mountain Conchagua, we weighed and ran into the harbor of La Union in front of the town. A few of the officers went ashore, but we forward, were under the necessity of being content with the view from a distance. From aboard La Union has a picturesque appearance; the red tiled roofs among the trees, with a bright sheet of water in front, and a background of green hills make the picture.

Gen. Alejandro Cabrero and others came aboard, and in the evening we had a visit from some clerical persons whose bad countenances, and fat, beastly appearance were not calculated to inspire much reverence. No doubt they were efficient in their sphere, for such are the creatures who in all lands and in all ages have fattened and flourished upon the abject superstitions of humanity.

A day's run took us to San Juan del Sur, the Pacific port of the Central American route to California. Louis, one of our men, formerly in the service of the fillibuster Walker, claims to have been at one time the commandante of this town and harbor, and that he received from Walker for his services, two tracts of confiscated land in this vicinity. He relates among other apocryphal matters that while in command of the port he seized several small vessels loaded with coffee, sold the cargoes to merchants, and then made short returns to Walker. His official and military career, as frankly related by himself, had many varied fortunes, and is very entertaining, being at least, as we knew, "founded on fact."

Another day's run, and we were off the low shores of Punta Arenas. The regions round about this place produce oranges, bananas, and other fruits; yams in abundance; and coffee of excellent quality. After supplying ourselves with what we needed of these provisions, we proceeded to Panama.

The Cyane had just been compelled to leave that place on account of the yellow fever, which had more than doubly decimated her crew. Notwithstanding this, and the fact that we were, for a time at least, to take her place, the cheerfulness and hilarity of the crew continued unabated, and the nightly routs were still kept up. The Admiral, with great good sense, permitted the men to cultivate, as much as they would, and in their own way, that cheerful disposition which is perhaps, after all, the best preventive of that most dreadful of infectious diseases.

On the morning of the 4th of May, after more than two years absence, I again saw the dreary and every way undesirable anchorage off Dead Man's Island, in front of Panama. Very few pleasant associations had ever in my memory of the place been connected with it; and now the addition of yellow fever to its other disadvantages, made it doubly disagreeable. Only the prospect of a short stay made it endurable. To most of my shipmates however, very few of whom had ever been here, it had the charm of novelty.

On our arrival we learned that the yellow fever was abating, and that the cholera was taking its place.

Not having any cases of the fever aboard, our fear of the disease soon considerably diminished, and one

day a number of us went on shore. We explored all parts of the place, churches, walls, fortifications and shops. Monkeys, parrots and priests were plentiful, and desirable lodgings extremely scarce. I visited the principal church, the church of Santa Ana, the depot, and the barracks. A chain-gang were at work in the streets under a military guard. The soldiers were attending to their duties, and all the pretty señoritas, and some that were not pretty, were deeply engaged in posting up in their catechisms. The yellow fever had probably been the cause of a great "revival," for I never saw so much piety going on in any Spanish American town before.

In my perambulations I noticed lying on the beach quite a number of large canoes, of peculiar make, called "dug-outs" by the sailors. Each one was formed from a single tree, and some of them of large dimensions. Some were about forty feet in length, and from three to four feet wide, and having the same depth. Being too large and cumbersome for rowing, they were furnished with masts and sails. One of the largest that I inspected was partly covered over, and fitted in that manner with a little cabin amidships, in which the wife and children of the more than half Indian owner lived during their voyages. The owner of the craft, flattered by my interest in his vessel and its rigging, gave me much information. He said he lived a hundred miles or so down the coast, in a fine, fertile, wooded country, and that he brought produce and fruits to Panama to trade for goods. He was rather enterprising, and had by his visits to Panama, which he considered the emporium

of the world, acquired some knowledge of men and things. He seemed much attached to his tropical home, and praised its attractions with enthusiasm. He dwelt on the beauty of the dusky maidens who adorned their sylvan retreats, and promised me a handsome wife, if I would come and live in his country. I cautioned him against tempting me too much, whereupon he offered me a passage in his fast sailing "dug-out."

From the size of these canoes it is evident that very large forest trees abound to the southward along the shores of the bay.

During the favorable season many of these people visit Panama. They run close in shore at high tide and discharge their cargoes during the ebb, when their canoes are left lying on the sandy beach. They procure gay colored fabrics for gala occasions, and such other cheap luxuries as are suited to their half savage ideas of comfort and enjoyment, in their secluded and almost barbaric society.

I found that the old walls around the place, the ruined towers populous with black buzzards, and the narrow streets of the compactly built town, were still *in situ*; but the heroes of the revolution we left in progress two years before, had retired to private life, or otherwise disappeared from the scene of action. They have so many changes of government that it is enough to drive their historians, if they have any, to despair. Annals two years old would seem to belong to ancient history, if all the revolutions, eras, and epochs, announced in their *pronunciamentos*, are to be set down.

A few days after being on shore I was attacked suddenly with well marked symptoms of cholera; but fortunately I soon became better, and gradually recovered. We were fortunate in not losing a single man from either cholera or yellow fever, though the vessel which succeeded us here on this station, like the one that preceeded us, had her crew badly demoralized and thinned out by disease. We thus passed unscathed between two fires.

On the 21st, to the great gratification and relief of all hands, we hove up anchor and started on our return cruise northward.

Our first port after leaving Panama was Realejo, a place much frequented in former times. It was from this port that the immortal Las Casas, the apostle of humanity, set sail on one of his benevolent enterprises.

Our visit to this place was the occasion of a very serious accident to one of the patriotic natives. As we had saluted their flag, they undertook to return the salute with an antiquated and rusty cannon, which it seems was subject to the usual infirmities and whims of old age; for it took a good part of the day to burn the requisite amount of powder. At first it required active exertions to induce it to go off at all, and afterward it unaccountably persisted in going off prematurely. By one of these unexpected discharges a gunner engaged in loading had his arms and body horribly disfigured.

Proceeding on our way to San Francisco, we called at Acapulco and at San Pedro, occupying near a month on the uneventful return voyage.

CHAPTER XXII.

Recruiting—The Two Enemies—The Two Tragedies—Killing Time—Mike C.—His Adventure—The City—Sailor's Attempt to Escape—Burning of the Ship Blackwall—A Narrative of Suffering and Horror—Escape.

FOR about two months from the middle of July, we lay off the foot of Pacific street, and about half-way over to Yerba Buena Island. The term of service of many of the crew having expired, it was necessary to fill up with new hands. Shipping a crew in the legitimate way is slow work, and hence our long delay.

Among the men discharged were two whose names I have forgotten, but whose hatred for each other was so great that I shall not soon forget it. They were both rather past the middle age, and neither was remarkable for intelligence or manly beauty; in fact, they each had rather a hang-dog look. How it came to pass, or what produced in the first place, the inveterate and passionate detestation in which each held the other, I could not learn, and I have often wondered that such absorbing hate could exist, apparently unchanged by time, between to such beings.

While they remained aboard, although they often fought, yet having no more deadly weapons than their fists, they could do each other but little harm. Their strength being very equally matched, these encounters were very severe, but the combatants were

generally separated before either had acquired much advantage. They often met on the berth deck after the hammocks were piped down, in order to avoid interference; and they would there struggle and pound each other almost in silence. Generally, however, a watchful master-at-arms would find and conduct them, bruised and bloody, "to the mast."

Being discharged about the same time, one of them set out for the mines and the other followed him thither. I was informed that they both were armed and that they met with eager haste to settle their rankling feud. One was shot, and in a few hours a miners' court summarily dispatched the murderer after his enemy into Eternity.

Another of the men who was a petty officer, upon being discharged, was joined by his wife from the east and emigrated to Washington Territory. There he built himself a cabin and settled down, and might have been happy had it not been, that for some cause, he became exceedingly jealous of his wife. One day a neighbor, alarmed by the report of a gun, hastened to his house, and found the dead body of the woman stretched in her blood upon the floor, and the distracted man, with an empty shot gun by his side, exhibiting every sign of grief and despair. He was arrested and committed to await a trial which never came on; for an infuriated mob broke open the rude jail, dragged him out, and from the limb of a tree launched him into the presence of the Universal Judge.

Our prolonged state of inactivity while waiting to

complete the crew, gave us a great deal of leisure time; and this for some of the men was a difficult matter to dispose of. Those who did not read, or play chequers or chess, were at a loss for occupation. Cards are a contraband article and prohibited aboard all our vessels of war; so that there was no chance for either euchre, "poker," or "seven-up." Had it been in the somniferous tropics, these idle fellows might have spent the time in sleep; but here in this bracing atmosphere sleeping in day time is not so easy. Frequently parties of the men were allowed to go ashore, and the relation of their adventures on their return was a source of interest and amusement to those who remained.

An incident happened which became a standing jest: Mike C——, an Irishman not long from the vales of Erin, who had a remarkably red, bulbous nose one day went ashore with his companions. Cruising about among the saloons, they had got "several sheets in the wind" when they brought up at a fine bar-room, furnished with a large, upright looking glass. While waiting to be served here, Mike happened to see his own awkward person reflected in the glass, and thinking it some one in another room he rushed toward it, remarking as he did so, "Be jabers! there is an Oirishman in that other room looks like me. I'll go and spake —" just then he struck the glass and broke it. Mike was arrested and had to pay well for his sociability.

San Francisco in 1867 was vastly different from the same place ten or fifteen years before. Still

there is no crime known to the decalogue that was not practiced. Murderers and other criminals at large, who had by the weight of gold broken through the cobwebs of law, were the lions who on Montgomery street, attracted the admiring gaze of the baser sort. Several such were pointed out to me, whose deeds were common fame; but no page of mine shall add to their notoriety.

The What Cheer House was a rendezvous of all classes. It was an inn on an immense scale, and its name was a household word on the Pacific Coast. There was connected with it a very respectable library, with a museum of ornithological specimens, open and free to all who frequented the house. Though the proportion of guests who found time in the swirl of California life to read, was small indeed, yet the rooms were often crowded.

While we were at anchor two circumstances occurred which I will here relate:

Early one morning a sailor was seen swimming with the tide toward us, from a large American clipper ship, which lay a quarter of a mile or more from us. Not being a very good swimmer he toiled hard, and being favored by the tide, at last reached us. He was taken up almost exhausted. In a few moments it was known throughout the ship that he had risked his life in this manner to escape from a ship-master and a ship to which he had been consigned while under the influence of the drugs so often used by shipping agents. He was an honest looking fellow, of good appearance, and at once gained our

sympathy. The sailors immediately clothed him from their scanty wardrobes, and it was hoped that our captain would have power to protect him. But such was not the case; for after breakfast, the mates came aboard for him, and he was given up. He went very dejectedly, no doubt feeling that in his case the protection of the stars and stripes was a most wretched farce.

A short time after the English ship Blackwall, a splendid vessel valued at fifty thousand dollars, was burned not far from where we lay. Her cargo of 48,000 bushels of wheat had just been shipped, her crew sent aboard, and she lay out in the bay in readiness to sail the next day. Towards midnight a fire was discovered in the hold, which increased in spite of every effort to extinguish it. The night being very dark and the weather boisterous, their bell was kept ringing the alarm a long time before any one heard it. At length our watch on deck heard it and a boat was immediately sent off to their assistance. It soon returned for more help, and several boats were manned and sent; but the fire gained steadily, notwithstanding every exertion. A tug boat with a fire engine arrived from the city, but could not control the flames. They climbed and leaped from the tarred rigging into the dense volumes of smoke which rose illumined above them. The bay, the shipping, and the city were lighted up by the glare, and the whole formed a most magnificent picture.

The ship and cargo were a total loss. It was believed that one of her crew, who had been drugged

and shipped in that condition, had, upon coming to his senses, set her on fire, as the only way of escaping a long and dreary servitude to which he had never consented. The whole crew were arrested and confined on shore, but managed somehow to make their escape.

These, with many other circumstances which came to my knowledge, convinced me that here and at other places sailors are continually the victims of unscrupulous and criminal shipping agents. I learned of numerous instances of their being thus "shanghaied," as they term it. Among others I remember more particularly the following, which I had from the sufferer himself, and which will illustrate a condition of affairs common then, and in all probability now also, for the laws and human nature have not been much changed in the brief time since:

A young man, one of my shipmates, whose father was an English settler of good family near Auckland, New Zealand, had been educated at Sidney, and after leaving college had served as an officer in a colonial regiment against the Mowries. He came to San Francisco seeking employment. He had been reared in comfort if not in affluence, and surrounded by those home influences which give to youth high hopes of a rose-tinted future. His mind was well informed, and his sentiments and disposition were manly and generous; but unfortunately he was somewhat addicted to free potations, the occasion of all his misfortunes. Though strong and vigorous, he was too young to distrust mankind; and his confidence or

carelessness led him to become the victim of a villainy unknown to him before.

After several weeks in San Francisco he one day made the acquaintance of a stranger, who, according to the universal custom in California, invited him to drink with him, which he did. A little while after he became drowsy and stupid, and soon so insensible that he remembered nothing more. He had no consciousness of any thing that occurred until the next day, when slowly recovering his overpowered senses, he was horrified to find himself at sea, and aboard a whale ship bound on a long voyage. Bewildered by the effects of the deleterious drugs that had been administered, sea-sick and disgusted by nauseous surroundings, the wanton profanity of the mates and the beastly servility of a degraded crew, he could not but think it was all a horrible dream.

He was aroused to the reality of his situation by a kick from the mate, who ordered him to work, and explained at the same time, with profuse profanity, that he had shipped for the voyage, and that he must hold his tongue, or feel the effect of a blow with a belaying pin. His remonstrances were not listened to, and his demand to be put ashore, or sent back, laughed at. Filled with indignation and overwhelmed with shame, he knew not what to do; but at length he accepted the dreary situation with a manly determination to make the best of it for the present, and seek redress afterwards.

Weeks passed by that seemed like years; they grew to months, and still he toiled on in his disagree-

able occupation, waiting for an opportunity to escape. The ship was kept at sea six months, and then watered at an out of the way place on the Mexican coast. Here he had no chance to get away, as his intention was suspected.

Going to sea again, the same dreary life was continued. The crew were "hazed" continually, and most outrageous abuses of authority committed by the captain and mates. They were unrelenting to such men as became obnoxious to them from any cause; and so the weary days lengthened into weeks and months, each an age of brutality and suppressed rage. Imagination without experience cannot conceive the misery and discomfort of such a life; for there is no tyranny so galling as that in which the oppressor and his slaves, hating and hated, are pent up in narrow compass and compelled to behold continually the objects of their detestation. Under such circumstances their greasy, crazy old whale ship became a floating pandemonium.

The instances of wanton maltreatment of the men that continually occurred, were enough to keep their blood in passionate heat; and it was a sore trial to witness them without daring to interfere. At last, however, the captive, in a moment of indignant fury, felled the mate to the deck for striking, without cause, an inoffensive sailor. The captain in a terrible rage had him triced up and punished; and, not satisfied with that, had him chained upright to a stanchion below in a confined space, in such a position that he could not lie or sit down. He was thus kept for sev-

eral weeks, his irons untouched, on a scant allowance of bread and water. No attention was paid to his sufferings from foul effluvia in the confined air of his filthy den. It was like the agony of the Black Hole of Calcutta prolonged. Weeks passed. Hunger, thirst and fever preyed on him. He faded to a mere skeleton. His mind gave way and temporary insanity seized him. In his fury he howled and reviled; in his calmer moments he begged and prayed for death to release him. His chains were loosened so that he could lie down, but it was only to prolong his life and his agonies.

The ship at the time was standing for Honolulu, to refresh for a long cruise after whales in the northern seas. Just before arriving and while at Honolulu he was given more room and attention, in order not to attract the notice of the authorities; but his hands and feet were still in irons. It was the captain's evident intention to finish him after getting safely to sea, as it was said he had done to others before. Once a day his feet irons were now removed, and he was also taken on deck. This continued for several weeks while at anchor, and his strength improved. One day shortly before the ship was ready to sail, having watched long for an opportunity, he sprang overboard and swam for the shore. Being near the landing he was able to reach it and make good his escape into the town. A friendly *kanaka* with a file released his hands from the irons, and he claimed the protection of the American Consul, as the vessel was an American ship.

The consul could do but little for him; being either unwilling, or unable from the nature of the case and the law, to protect him. The captain demanded that he should be delivered up, and this would have been done, had not the consul's wife used all her influence for the unfortunate man. Through her kindly efforts he was got out of the way, and kept from being again consigned to his persecutor. The ship at last sailed without him.

Taking passage to San Francisco, to get justice if possible, he spent some time and money consulting lawyers, writing to officers of the government, and waiting replies. Nothing however could be done until the return of the captain who had maltreated him; and, as that might not be for several years, and even then he should need a small fortune to get faint justice by law, he at last gave it up in despair. Such is the usual redress the sailor gets. All the influences of commerce and wealth seem to be against him; and he gives himself up to recklessness with the abandon of despair.

I believe that cases similar to this are of very frequent occurrence. There is great immunity for captains in the state of the law, and the hopeless circumstances in which the great body of sailors are placed. A state of affairs exists in which the sailor must continually suffer wrong and injustice from lawless ship masters; and it seems as if our merchant sailors have as few rights that are respected, as any class of human beings. A little of the money wasted in certain church enterprises, would be well applied if used to ameliorate the condition of the sailor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Last Cruise—Good-bye to Pichilingue Bay—Stormy Voyage—Homeward Bound—In at the Golden Gate.

OUR crew was sufficiently recruited by the middle of September to be ready for sea, and on the 19th we left for the southern coast, calling at Santa Clara and Monterey.

On the 29th we were off Cape San Lucas, with a hot burning sun overhead melting the pitch out of our seams, and the same blue, placid sea under us. We had become so accustomed to the heat that it seemed like a normal condition; and with awnings spread and a gentle breeze we were satisfied.

Among the new hands was the young New Zealander, whose experience on board a whale ship, has been noticed in the last chapter. When he first came on board, though it was several months after his escape at Honolulu, he yet bore the marks of his horrible treatment. His wrists and ankles were still sore from the long continued abrasion of his irons, and on his body remained the traces of his former condition. His health and spirits rapidly improved, and I found him a pleasant and agreeable watch-mate.

We remained until the latter part of December, cruising in the Gulf, and passing and repassing from port to port in performance of the duties of the sta-

tion. We made three trips to Guaymas, near the mouth of the Yaqui, called at La Paz and Pichilingue Bay three or four times and at Mazatlan twice. We had the same glorious weather as formerly, and I slept on deck under the clear, starry sky with no thought of cold or exposure.

As this was my last cruise, on our last round, I mentally bade each familiar locality and well remembered land-mark a final adieu. I left the bare islands of Guaymas bay and the barren hills around the town without regret. Mazatlan was scarcely thought of as it faded from my view, doubtless forever.

But Pichilingue bay, in its solitude among the cactus covered sand hills, inhabited only by coyotes, I parted from more reluctantly. It was a secluded nook of the ocean, where the limpid salt waves lovingly caressed the clean sand beach, or fretted and fumed on the outer shores, making "melancholy music in sad, sweet tones." There we had boated, bathed and rambled. There we had played boyish games, gathered strange shells on the sea-shore for past time, and like children cast them away when tired of them. There was the salt marsh with its white sheet, and the beach wall of pebbles and sand cast up by the sea, which kept the waves from overflowing it. There we had lived, present only with nature,—

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot,"—

under the bluest sky and in the purest air the earth can boast. There was a resting place from all the

cares of life—a paradise for the idler, or the toil exhausted, where there was nothing to suggest the hurly-burly and bustle of life's struggle. One might lie under the awnings and be lulled to refreshing repose by the sound of the distant surge, which came to you like the faint echoes of life's turmoil in the far off world left behind.

It was the middle of December when we bade good bye to Pichilingue Bay, but there was nothing to remind us of our northern winter. After coaling ship we took a final romp on the sand beach and made a last assault on the huge, soft cactuses, which we were wont to batter down with the primitive artillery of smooth stones from the beach.

On the 21st we were out of the Gulf and on our way northward. The clear skies smiled upon us and the lazy, limpid surges sang a low song of invitation to remain, but we were *homeward bound*. It mattered not that Boreas awaited our coming, at Point Conception, with all the powers of the winds, to smite us and drive us back from his wintry dominions. It mattered not that all the sea beyond roared and howled in agony under his tyranny, and the waves fought and struggled, and groaned everywhere on the fretted and foaming waste. What is all that to the wanderer homeward bound? Genial skies and the fairest lands lose their charms; for there is no paradise on earth but home. The dangers that threaten on the way are disregarded; and with an enthusiasm that conquers time and distance the wayfarer returns to the land of his birth.

"Down all yards and topmasts!" was the order passed, and down they came in preparation for the passage of Point Conception. It blew a gale when we rounded the Point, and the sea ran very high. Slowly steaming against wind and wave, with gloomy and tempestuous weather, we fought our way northward. Coming in sight of the Golden Gate, we saw an unfortunate barque drifting helplessly with anchors down upon the shoals outside. She became a total wreck—a prey to the winds and the waves—while we, glad to escape the boisterous storms that buffeted us, glided safely into the quiet bay.





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